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THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

THE ADMINISTRATION IS GIVING CONCRETE evidence of the sympathy of this country for Finland and its abhorrence of Russian aggression, but has decided not to sever relations with Moscow or even to take the less drastic step of recalling our ambassador. We think this is wise. It is harder to obtain reliable information from Russia than from almost any other country in the world, and it is important that an American representative with full status should be in a position to keep the State Department fully informed of developments there. Nor would a breach in relations afford any practical aid to the Finns. This is much better provided by the $10,000,000 credit made available by the Import-Export Bank and the President's proposal to hold the current instalment of the Finnish debt payment in a suspense account until Congress has an opportunity to vote its employment for the benefit of Finland. The immediate need of the Finns is for economic assistance. Given this, they seem capable of holding their enemy at bay long enough to make Moscow think again about the desirability of negotiations. Meanwhile, the attempt by the Republican National Committee to use Russia's new imperialism as a club to beat the President with seems to have petered out miserably. Some of the committee's best friends have advised it not to be foolish and have recalled that recognition of the U. S. S. R. in 1933 was approved by the country as a whole and by many leading Republicans. Moreover, however much we detest Russia's recent actions, we cannot logically withdraw recognition now without simultaneously breaking off relations with Germany and Japan.

⁎

RUSSIA'S INVASION OF FINLAND IS NOT going to be a *Blitzkrieg* despite the Soviets' overwhelming superiority in men and material. The Finns are tough, hard-headed, and well-trained, and the weather is as much an aid to them in defense as it is a handicap to their enemy. Soldiers reckon that to make certain of an offensive being successful an attacking army should be three times as numerous as its opponents. This means that an army of one and a half millions might be required to complete the Finnish conquest. No doubt Moscow can raise the troops, but the task of maintaining them in the field will be a formidable one. The battle line from the Arctic to the Gulf of Finland is long, and apart from the small and heavily fortified sector of the Karelian Isthmus it runs through a sparsely inhabited wilderness ill-provided with roads. In such country transport difficulties must limit the number of men employed, and the problem of keeping open lines of communication in sub-zero weather would slow down the rate of advance even if Finnish resistance were less vigorous. Deep snow is a severe handicap to the mechanized weapons with which the Soviets are supposed to be well supplied, while it aids the concealment of tank traps and land mines. In the long run, of course, the Finns, unaided, cannot hope to defeat Russia, but they may well hold out until the spring and impose a casualty list on the enemy that might have repercussions inside the U. S. S. R. In any case they are certain to provide a stiff test of the caliber of the Red Army and particularly of its leadership. Should its fighting quality fail to measure up to the extravagant claims that Moscow has made for it, Stalin may find that in gaining a province he has blunted the edge of his most potent weapon.

⁎

THE ACCENT ON YOUTH IN MR. DEWEY'S speech at Minneapolis would have been more impressive if he had proposed for the solution of our economic problems something other than the white-whiskered shibboleths of laissez faire. There was no limit to the growth of America, he declared, provided that private enterprise was freed from its chains of "repressive taxation" and "government hostility." This is a mere echo of the *Wall Street Journal,* whose editor is reputed to be among Dewey's chief undercover advisers, and shows no recognition of fetters placed on free enterprise, not by Washington, but by monopoly capitalism. Yet the Republican champion gave in his speech a clue to this situation when he mentioned the disparity between the prices the farmer gets and those he pays. Had he carried his analysis a little farther he might have reached the dangerous conclusion that the woes of agriculture are due in considerable part to the fact that it sells in a highly competitive market but buys in a market sheltered by tariffs, trusts, and price leadership. Dewey's attack on the defeatism of the New Deal also revealed small understanding of economics. It relied chiefly on a speech made by the President in 1932, which stated: "Our industrial plant is built. The problem now is whether under existing

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conditions it is not overbuilt." Young as he is, Mr. Dewey is old enough to remember that in 1932 half the industrial capacity of the country was idle. We were in the throes of a depression ascribed by conservative economists to over-saving and overexpansion of investments during the Republican twenties, and the immediate task at that time certainly was to stimulate consumption in order to get existing plant into operation. Nor is the problem of over-saving solved even now, as Mr. Dewey will quickly discover if he ever reaches the White House.

✶

IN 1924 SENATOR WHEELER WAS THE LATE Robert M. La Follette's running mate, but the Montanan's address at the recent annual convention of the National Association of Manufacturers displayed a distinctly different brand of "progressivism." Senator Wheeler has Presidential ambitions, largely acquired when he made himself a Liberty League hero by fighting the President's court-reform plan. He went on record before the N. A. M. as favoring revision of the Wagner Act (John L. Lewis please note), and his warnings against "extravagance" coincided happily with the general tone of the convention held by America's oldest and most effective reactionary and anti-labor organization. The resolutions adopted by the convention do not require detailed attention; with some slight cracks this is the same record the N. A. M. has been playing since 1933. But in defiance of journalism's oldest rule, it still seems to be front-page news when the manufacturers bite the New Deal. It is worth noting that the N. A. M.'s new president, H. W. Prentis, Jr., is one who includes democracy among the "alien isms" against which our citizens are warned. In its issue of August 26 *The Nation* called attention to the anti-democratic utterances in Mr. Prentis's speech at the Teachers College Congress on Education for Democracy. On that occasion he echoed the Nazi, Coughlinite, Silver Shirt line that this country was intended to be a "republic," not a democracy.

✶

WE DON'T WANT TO EMBARRASS HIS HONOR, but Mayor LaGuardia has now "repealed" the Norris-LaGuardia Act by his order forbidding picketing in jurisdictional disputes. When reporters reminded him of the law he had fathered in 1932, he said his order was not inconsistent because a controversy between rival unions is not a "labor dispute." But if he will go back to Section 13(c) of the Norris-LaGuardia Act he will find a labor dispute defined as "any controversy concerning terms or conditions of employment, *or concerning the association or representation of persons in negotiating . . . terms or conditions of employment.*" The Supreme Court has consistently held that picketing in jurisdictional disputes is protected by the Norris-LaGuardia Act. It happens that in this state the right of picketing in a jurisdictional dispute was upheld by the Court of Appeals before either the Norris-LaGuardia Act or our own state anti-injunction legislation was enacted; one of the decisions upholding it was by Justice Cardozo. In forgetting the Norris-LaGuardia Act the Mayor is in a class with the judges who "forget" about the anti-injunction provisions of the Clayton Act. The Norris-LaGuardia Act was passed to remind them, and to keep them from interfering with picketing and other legitimate labor-union practices. It does not, of course, protect labor unions against sudden ukases issued by mayors.

✶

FULLY AS STRANGE AS THE NAZI-SOVIET PACT is the coalition supporting Batista for President of Cuba. The remains of Machado's "Liberals" are linked with the Communists, the National Democrats, the Nacionalistas, and the Realistas in a "Socialist Democratic coalition." The presence on the same platform of Batista and Juan Marinello, head of the Cuban Communist Party, is as incongruous as the meeting of Stalin and Ribbentrop in Moscow. For Batista and the sinister Pedraza, who succeeds him as head of the army, have in the past persecuted Communists and "Communists" as bitterly and as brutally as has the Gestapo or the Ovra. It is true that Batista has relaxed his dictatorship in the past year and promises that, if elected, he will "forget the past." But can he be trusted? He betrayed Grau and the Cuban revolution at the pleasure of our State Department. He became a hard-boiled dictator. Now he is a "democrat." How long will he remain one? And how stable is the "Popular Front" supporting him? Pedraza will be head of the army, and in the last analysis the army may rule, as it did under Batista. But Pedraza must be haunted by the nightmares of a Macbeth, and the blood of some of Cuba's finest and noblest cries out against him. If Pedraza is a democrat, so is Himmler.

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THE WEEK'S WORST ATROCITY STORY CAME out of Ohio, where thousands of Americans were still being starved by a political blockade. Cities throughout the state were trying desperate measures to meet the crisis precipitated by a Republican governor with an urge to balance the budget. The Cleveland City Council authorized a $1,000,000 bond issue; Toledo enacted an ordinance designed to raise $273,000. Meanwhile, in Washington President Roosevelt approved a $1,200,000 expenditure for three WPA projects in the Cleveland area. These steps came after days and nights of mass suffering, and there was no assurance that they would do more than temporarily relieve the situation of the thousands who had been cut off relief. Earlier in the week the President issued a statement blaming the situation on the ambitions

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of Governor Bricker, who complained that the charge was "political" and continued to look the other way, stubbornly refusing to summon the state legislature or to take any steps to alleviate the misery. The Ohio tragedy, as the President pointed out, is a dramatic illustration of "economy" in practice. It is also, as he did not point out, an example of the chaos in our relief system. The only encouraging item in the whole episode is the nation-wide revulsion which Bricker's performance has aroused.

✶

RESIDENTS OF NEW YORK CITY WILL HAVE an opportunity to insure themselves against the costs of medical care under a plan just approved by the State Insurance Department. The scheme is modeled closely after the 3-cents-a-day hospital plan which has enjoyed wide popularity in the city and throughout the state. A subscriber pays $18 a year, for which a new organization, the Associated Health Foundation, Inc., agrees to meet all doctors' bills. The fee for married couples is $30 a year, and children under sixteen are included for $7.50 each. Another organization, the Medical Expense Fund of New York City, Inc., is expected to announce a similar scheme in the near future, and a plan is already in operation for twelve upstate New York counties. The launching of these organizations represents a notable step in the fight to make adequate medical care possible for the average family. Voluntary insurance of this type must not be regarded, however, as a substitute for health insurance or tax-supported medical care. Experience with the hospital plan shows that no such scheme can reach the lower third of the population. The average family in this group cannot begin to afford $30 to $45 a year for a doctor's services, and will in most cases take a chance of avoiding sickness rather than lower its already depressed standard of living. With this fact in mind, the American Association for Social Security has drafted a bill for introduction in the New York and other state legislatures providing for compulsory health insurance for employees earning less than a minimum to be fixed either at $1,500 or $2,000 a year. It has been charged that the voluntary plan has been introduced as a "backfire" against compulsory insurance. We believe it should be regarded rather as a demonstration on a restricted scale of a technique that should have much wider application.

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ADD TO THE LIST OF FRANCO'S VICTIMS Dr. Moyer S. Fleisher, dismissed from his post of professor of bacteriology at St. Louis University after almost twenty-five years of service. The Committee on Academic Freedom of the American Association of University Professors finds that Dr. Fleisher lost his position because he sponsored a meeting addressed by the Reverend Michael O'Flanagan in support of the Loyalists. St. Louis University is a Jesuit institution, and the Jesuits are fond of tracing the free American ideals expressed in our Declaration of Independence back to the writings of two obscure sixteenth-century Jesuits, Suarez and Bellarmine. But they seem better at providing a Jesuit genealogy for Americanism than at applying its principles, for Dr. Fleisher's dismissal is a violation of the right of free speech. The Committee on Academic Freedom blames Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis and the Catholic Club of that city for bringing pressure on the university to dismiss Dr. Fleisher. The most ignominious episode in the case is that Dr. Fleisher was forced to write a letter of apology to the Very Reverend Harry B. Crimmins, president of the university. President Crimmins seems to have hated to dismiss Dr. Fleisher, but was compelled to do so. For the Archbishop we prescribe Matthew 5:7 and 44.

The Finns at Geneva

WHEN von Ribbentrop was in Moscow he seems to have won Stalin over to the tactics, if not the tenets, of the anti-Comintern. The Moscow correspondent of the New York *Times* reported on December 10 that if Russia were attacked for blockading Finland "at the request of the Kuusinen government," the Soviet government intended to retort with references to "Italy's blockade of the lawful Spanish government at the request of General Francisco Franco." Mussolini's conduct in Spain is not the most admirable of precedents for a government that purports to be anti-imperialist and a union of socialist republics. If Stalin is to model himself in the future on the Duce, he has much to live down, as Rudolf Holsti's address to the Assembly of the League eloquently demonstrated. For a large part of the Finnish delegate's speech was made up of quotations from the plea made by Litvinov before the Assembly two years ago. Litvinov asked the League's aid in halting the attack on the Spanish Republic under circumstances strikingly parallel to the attack on Finland.

The Assembly of the League wisely decided to attempt mediation of the Russo-Finnish war rather than take the more dramatic step of expelling the Soviet Union from the League, for which it is doubtful that unanimous consent could have been obtained. The League's belated intervention and weak action in past instances of aggression provided too sardonic a background. Perhaps the greatest deterrent to so drastic a first step was the opposition of Russia's neighbors, fearful of its ill-will. The Finns themselves asked for mediation rather than a move that could only intensify the Soviet attack. In general, the warmth of anti-Soviet denunciations on the eve of the Assembly meeting seems to vary with the distance of the denunciator from the Russian border. The South American countries were

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loudest in their demands for Soviet expulsion, but since none of them are likely to bear the brunt of an anti-Soviet war, their views were at least temporarily overruled.

The Russians have been given twenty-four hours to reply to the mediation proposal, and by the time this issue of *The Nation* appears, Moscow's decision will be known. The answer is not expected to be favorable, although Russian demands, as revealed in the Finnish White Paper, do not seem to us so extreme as to make a compromise impossible unless the Soviet government is looking for expansion rather than security. If the attack on Finland is part of a larger scheme for a Russian or a joint Russo-German attack on Scandinavia, mediation will of course be rejected, and the rejection will serve as a warning of what is to come. But if the Russians are merely concerned with control of the entrances to the Gulf of Finland and Leningrad, the fighting which has already occurred should have left them in a mood for mediation. For it should be clear to them by now that Finland is no easy conquest. The puppet government set up at Terijoki has evoked only derision within Finland. The Finns are fighting for their homeland; the Red Army is an aggressor; morale is on the Finnish side. The wide lakes and tangled forests, the Arctic twilight and the deep snow are the Finns' best allies, and the weight of numbers counts for little along a front that is a succession of Thermopylae passes, all of them difficult of access. These are not the dusty Polish plains over which the Nazi juggernaut swept to an easy victory, nor is there any evidence that the Red Army compares in efficiency or equipment with the German, officered by the ablest military caste in Europe.

The Soviets seem to have bitten off more than they will be allowed to chew in security. Should they conquer Finland, the iron ore of both Norway and Sweden would be at their mercy, and the Nazis are dependent on this ore. If they then move into Rumania, their objective will be not merely Bessarabia, which seems already evacuated, but Bukovina to the north and Constanza in the south, controlling the mouth of the Danube. To succeed in both objectives would truly be to encircle Germany, and to drive it into making the best bargain it could with the Allies. The Italians seem determined to fight if the Russians go south of the Danube or much beyond Bessarabia, though the Yugoslavs are unwilling to be made an Italo-Russian battleground. The Italians would like to keep Russia embroiled in Finland and away from the Balkans. The Germans would like to divert them to Constantinople, and the Mosul oil line: a Russo-Turkish war would be to their liking. But Moscow's present program of expansion in both Finland and Rumania seems designed to give the Rome-Berlin axis a new common interest, and plays into the hands of those who are already beating the drums for the anti-Soviet crusade that has been one of Moscow's phobias. Daladier's hint that the Germans as well as the French must condemn the invasion of Finland will not go unnoticed in the Kremlin.

Realpolitik is carried on with mirrors and sometimes is best understood by reading its messages backward. Thus the sudden appearance in the Russian press of an article attacking Germany for aiding Finland and another presenting Britain in a friendly light may have been calculated to raise hopes in Britain of a Russian rapprochement and fears of it in Germany. The British, in contrast to their failure to send planes to Poland when that little country was under attack, have ostentatiously sent twenty planes to Finland, but otherwise seem to be playing a cautious game. But if the Finnish war goes on much longer, Russian freedom to sell out to either side is likely to grow more and more limited. On the horizon is the bogy the Soviets have always feared. They seem to have outsmarted themselves.

The Far East

WHILE all eyes are on Europe, developments are under way in Asia which may be in the long run of even greater significance for the United States. On the surface there have been few changes of a tangible nature since the signing of the Soviet-German pact. Japan is still bogged down in the vastness of China, and its recent minor victory at Nanning has not offset its defeat at Changsha. Politically, the Japanese suffered a setback in the death of the old war lord Wu Pei-fu, whose cooperation was desperately needed for the establishment of the long-projected puppet government under Wang Ching-wei. But beneath the surface there is intense activity. The Japanese militarists have apparently become convinced that a pact with the Soviet Union would solve their difficulties. While presumably they might have to surrender much of China in such an arrangement, they would be freed from the bogy of Russian planes over Tokyo and could take advantage of Britain's preoccupation to extend their empire in the South Pacific. The Dutch East Indies are particularly tempting because of their rich oil resources.

An attack on the Dutch East Indies would upset the existing balance of power so violently that the United States might eventually join the British and Australians in their defense. Whether Russia would become involved is problematical. But it is not impossible that a Japanese offensive in the South Seas would be paralleled by a Soviet attack on India. In such an event we might find ourselves embroiled in a world conflict, not, as most people expect, through European entanglements, but through our long-standing interests in the Pacific.

So far the Japanese government has resisted pressure

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from the military for a Soviet pact. Yet some straws in the wind point to an agreement. Trade talks have been under way at Tokyo between the Soviet Ambassador and the Japanese Foreign Minister, and the Foreign Office's carefully worded denial that a non-aggression pact was being considered did not exclude the possibility of its consideration in the near future. The Japanese press has hinted more than once that a broader understanding might be achieved. Many of these statements, however, bore the earmarks of inspired revelations designed to put pressure on the United States to renew the trade treaty which expires on January 26. It has been evident for weeks that the civilian elements in the Tokyo government would greatly prefer an agreement with Great Britain and the United States to a pact with Russia. The Japanese Foreign Minister has been generally conciliatory in the preliminary talks held with Ambassador Grew. Many long-standing claims for damage to American property in China have recently been paid up, but Americans are still suffering many indignities. It is evident that the extremists, despite an undoubted loss of prestige, continue in a position to offset any concessions that the government may offer. Whether they can bring about a Soviet-Japanese understanding is another matter, one which depends on the attitude of the Soviet Union and the policies of the United States even more than on anything that Japan can do.

Moscow has hinted that it is not averse to a betterment of its relations with Japan. But it has not offered a non-aggression pact. Nor has there been a let-up in its increasingly substantial aid to China. Presumably it has a large stake in a Chinese victory, and an even larger stake in the defeat and destruction of the Japanese military machine. While it might not be at all unwilling to see Japan turn south and thus become involved in a war with Great Britain and perhaps the United States, it would find it even more profitable to block the expansion of the Japanese Empire. For it must be remembered that the Japanese are detested above all peoples in Moscow for their behavior in Siberia in the intervention campaign of 1921. And the Japanese occupation of North Manchuria, long regarded as a Russian sphere of influence, is a serious threat to Vladivostok—Russia's one real outlet on the Pacific.

Thus while our adoption of an embargo against it might drive Japan to seek a pact with Russia, there is no assurance that it could obtain one. And it is fully as logical to argue that a relaxation in our support of China, coupled with Britain's retreat in that area, might so disturb Russia that it would hasten to make peace with its nearest and most dangerous enemy. Without American supplies, which have greatly increased of late, Japan would be removed as an effective threat to the world. It would be neither attractive as a potential ally nor menacing enough to force its terms on any country.

Taming Mr. Dies

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IT DOESN'T matter who the malefactor may be, Morris Ernst takes him out to lunch or gives him a cocktail, and this alchemy is supposed to turn him into a civic benefactor. I don't say it never works; on the contrary, it is a technique that deserves every encouragement, especially since Mr. Ernst even tries it on *Nation* editors now and then. But its successes are, I suspect, occasional and accidental, like the rewards of virtue. The other day Raymond Clapper's syndicated column in the Scripps-Howard papers disclosed Morris Ernst's recent efforts to enlighten and reform Martin Dies, the one-man Gestapo from Texas. According to Clapper, Mr. Ernst "has been working on Representative Dies to interest him in using his investigation to bring out the differentiation between home-grown American liberalism and alien communism. The argument is that in this way a real service can be rendered to democracy. . . ." This is one instance in which the Ernst method will, I think, prove inadequate. Success would imply several almost comical presuppositions, such as a desire on the part of Mr. Dies to make the differentiation Mr. Ernst proposes, an absence of political motives in his investigation, and a sincere interest in democracy.

More realistic is the Eleanor Roosevelt approach to the Dies menace. As clearly as anyone in the country, Mrs. Roosevelt realizes that a major fight is in progress between the liberal forces in American life and the agents of repression. She knows who is who, underneath labels and pretensions. She knows what Mr. Dies is up to and why. She knows what his methods are and is shocked by them. She is not as free an agent as Mr. Ernst, but in her handling of the Dies committee she has, I think, proved a more effective one.

Mrs. Roosevelt is interested in young people; and when officers of the Youth Congress and the American Student Union were asked to appear before the Dies committee she appeared with them, not to testify but to watch. She watched silently through two sessions, invited the witnesses to the White House for lunch, approved in her daily column the "courtesy" and "helpfulness" of the committee members and its counsel, and commented on the rougher tactics of the committee's special investigator, J. B. Matthews. "His whole attitude, tone of voice, and phraseology made one feel that a prisoner, considered guilty, was being tried at the bar. I surmise that this impression was made on other people, for in a little while a gentleman came around and whispered in Mr. Matthews's ear. . . . Immediately the atmosphere changed. His voice was softer, his manners were more courteous. . . ."

Mrs. Roosevelt also gave it as her opinion, after listening in on these hearings, that "what is said by people

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about other individuals is not half as important as discovering what the people themselves, working in these organizations, say and do." In her presence the Dies committee was both tamed and at the same time most effectively shown up.

But if the youth organizations were spared the more unsavory tactics of the committee, the consumer groups have not done as well. Perhaps Mr. Dies decided after Mrs. Roosevelt's intervention that open hearings may be dangerous. In any case he released as a report of the committee a set of accusations against these groups drawn up by the same Mr. Matthews whose behavior distressed Mrs. Roosevelt. This report was, however, never submitted to the committee itself; it was placed in the record at a "meeting" at which Chairman Dies was the only member present. Another member, Mr. Voorhis, has openly attacked the report and the way it was prepared and issued.

In his relation to the consumers' movement, Mr. Matthews is an interested insider. He was a director of Consumers' Research when that organization was torn by a strike after refusing to recognize the union (A. F. of L.) set up by its employees. Out of the strike grew a rival organization, Consumers' Union, created by strikers and sympathizers and headed by Arthur Kallet, formerly associated with Mr. Matthews and Mr. Schlink in the direction of Consumers' Research. Consumers' Union and Mr. Kallet are among the chief targets of Mr. Matthews's present accusations.

It is impossible here to sort out and list the lies in Mr. Matthews's report, but I can vouch personally for the untruth of several of his charges. I marvel, for instance, at the inclusion of the Committee for Boycott Against Japanese Aggression among the organizations under inquiry. Since this committee urged Americans not to buy Japanese goods, only the inverse logic of a Dies investigator could have made it a "consumer" organization. But more important is the fact that Mr. Matthews's list of "participants" in the "operations" of this committee contained not one actual member. It was apparently culled from a much longer list of signers of a general manifesto sent out by the committee as part of its boycott propaganda, carrying the names of dozens of persons of all political colors. The names used by Mr. Matthews were taken from the *Daily Worker*, which for its own reasons ignored the larger majority of "respectables" among the signers.

This incident is small but typical. A committee which has no relation to the consumer movement is "smeared" by publication of a list of persons who had no connection with the committee; and incidentally the committee is no longer in existence. Much more serious, because of their possible effect, are the charges against such organizations as Consumers' Union, the Milk Consumers' Protective Committee, and various other genuine consumers' groups. Even Mr. Matthews had the grace to admit that some of these were "devoted to legitimate consumer interests." But apparently one drop of red blood is enough to pollute any organism. The Consumers' Union has done an outstanding job, limited only by its financial handicaps, in exposing practices injurious to consumers of all sorts of goods. It is not a Communist organization. Communists are admitted to its ranks, as are all persons interested in its objectives. Even Communists, one may suppose, like to buy honest merchandise at fair prices; this is a human, not a purely Muscovite, failing. As for the milk committee, it has not only exposed the price-fixing methods of the major distributors but has also founded a cooperative concern which sells clean milk at less than the regular rate in New York City.

This latest star-chamber exploit cannot but reduce still further the prestige of Martin Dies in the eyes of ordinary men and women. An indiscriminate foray into the ranks of consumer protective groups hits the interests of too many of us. By the time the new session of Congress meets, Mr. Dies may well have cooked his political goose. Mrs. Roosevelt may drop in casually on the Dies committee room, but it is a long way from there to the White House just the same.

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*Militarism vs. Socialism in Russia**

BY ALAN MATHER

IN THE years before Hitler came to power in Germany—that is, before competitive armament had begun to strain the economies of European countries to the breaking-point—the question of whether or not it was possible to build socialism in one country remained an academic one. Why, it was asked, should it not be possible for a single country, Soviet Russia, to have socialism? It had but to protect itself with a wall of armament, exclude subversive capitalist doctrines, and go full steam ahead. And so, in 1932, as the first Five-Year Plan arrived at what looked like triumphant completion, the internationally minded socialists were routed not only by the Stalinists, who were in the real sense of the term *national* socialists, but by every liberal who wished to see the "Russian experiment" succeed.

But since 1934 factors which the internationalists had predicted would prevent the development of Russian economy into socialism have operated at an accelerating rate. Lenin's warning to the Russian workers that "we live not only in a state but in a system of states" has begun to have more meaning for them than at any other time since 1919.

In 1935 national defense took one-eighth of the expenditures of the Soviet budget. This year it took more than one-quarter. Since that budget covers industry, transport, and similar items excluded from calculation in other countries, it can be said that the number of persons shifted from the production of consumers' goods to the making of armaments is proportional. Although the working force grew from 23,500,000 to 28,000,000 persons in this five-year period, the net increase in the energy available for the creation of real consumers' wealth, expressed in terms of the number of workers, was less than half a million persons.

While men have been deserting industry for military training, women have been leaving it for the joys and duties of maternity. After the 1936 decree prohibiting abortion and reinforcing the bonds of matrimony, there was a phenomenal increase in the birth rate—and the potential soldier supply. The U. S. S. R. baby crop of 1936 was 13 per cent greater than that of 1935; 1937 did better than 1936 by 20 per cent—Moscow had a birth rate of thirty-five per thousand inhabitants, Baku forty-two, Krasnoyarsk and Ivanovo forty. (In 1936 Chicago had a birth rate of thirteen per thousand, Philadelphia twelve.) If one considers that a woman's effective working age corresponds roughly with child-bearing age and that 35 per cent of all workers in the Soviet Union are women, one sees that the ratios do not adequately express the havoc created in the working force. From day to day the actualities were printed in *Izvestia*—in the story about the Leningrad textile factory where three hundred out of four thousand women employees quit their looms in one year, or in the one about the desperation of a collective-farm manager in Kuban when a third of the women members of a brigade left the fields at the crucial harvest season.

It may be imagined that the mechanization of Soviet industry and its annually heightened productiveness have been enough to offset the drain of man-power and money into armaments and of women into child-bearing, but statistics of production do not bear this out. After having maintained a yearly rate of increase of from 15 to 35 per cent between 1929 and 1935, the output of coal, pig iron, steel ingots, and rolled steel flattened out to an almost dead level in 1936, 1937, and 1938. Worse yet, production of steel ingots and rolled steel for the first six months of 1939 dropped below that for the same period of 1938, though in 1938 the purge of many executives had a bad effect on output. The forward surge which the authorities assured everyone would follow on the heels of the purge has not yet appeared. Moreover, spasms of high and low output seem to have hit Soviet industry. On the production charts 1934 appears with the profile of pond ripples, 1937 has a sawtooth edge, and 1939 takes on the icicle outline of the course of business in capitalist countries.

To meet the drain of militarization, the authorities have had to resort to the speed-up and labor discipline. In politics they have met rising opposition to "socialism in one country" with the ruthless extermination of the old proponents of international socialism. The Stakhanov movement of 1936 was part of this economic offensive. The real significance of Stakhanovism has been buried under a confusion of arguments as to whether or not it was speed-up. The truth is that it had two differing aspects. The better one was the contribution of Alexei Stakhanov, a young coal miner, who noticed that so long as he had to do both propping and hewing his output of coal and his piece-work wages would never increase be-

* Most of the information on which this article is based comes from the statistical publications of the State Planning Commission of the U. S. S. R.; the *Monthly Review*, published by the U. S. S. R. Trade Delegation in Great Britain; speeches of Stakhanovites and officials at the First All-Union Conferences of Stakhanovites, 1935; *Industrial and Labor Information*, published by the International Labor Office; *Research Bulletin on the Soviet Union*, by the American-Russian Institute for Cultural Relations with the Soviet Union; *Monthly Labor Review* of the United States Department of Labor; and "Russian Economic Notes" published by the United States Department of Commerce.

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yond a certain point. When he stuck to hewing and had a fellow-worker do the propping for him, the output of the two miners exceeded that of both when the labor was not divided. Increased production through division of labor, plus organization of the supply of materials and intelligent use of tools, is the better side of Stakhanovism. The obverse, as appears from the speeches of other "Stakhanovites" made at the All-Union Conference of Stakhanovites in 1935, is a mere stepping up of production through greater effort. Krivonoss, the hero of the Commissariat of Railways, simply drove his locomotive at a high "Bolshevik" speed; some heroines of the textile industry ran around faster to attend more looms; iron workers in the Urals strained themselves to get more out of ancient furnaces. Stakhanov's accomplishment, which in normal times, in a gradual and reasoned application, would have attracted little attention, was under a war drive used as an excuse to step up production norms everywhere. Hence the average worker who, before Stakhanovism, with old equipment in a badly organized factory, gained a subsistence with difficulty and had to strain himself to earn more, found that, after Stakhanovism, with equipment and factory unchanged, strain had become the price of mere subsistence. And since Stakhanovism was purposely identified with socialism by the officials, all those who opposed its appended speed-up were, *ipso facto,* against socialism.

The most serious threat to socialism springs from the growing differences between the wages of skilled and unskilled workers—differences created, first, by the system of gradations of skill and, secondly, by piece-work wages. The classification of workers into grades with a different coefficient of payment for each grade was introduced in the period of the New Economic Policy and continues to this day to such an extent that in one industry the topmost category of workers has a basic rate of pay ten times that of the lowest. Payment by piece rather than by time was in force for 65 per cent of industrial workers as far back as 1931 and is the system used today in all parts of Soviet industry where it can be practically applied. It is important to note that these piece-work rates are progressive: a worker is paid so much per unit for less than a hundred units per day, but he may be paid double or triple the unit rate for what he produces above the hundred-unit norm. In 1936, for example, the basic wage rate for a coal driller was 7.26 rubles for a six-hour shift. For work done above the norm of drilling and reinforcing four cubic meters of coal in one shift he received two and a half times the basic rate. And although the norm has been stepped up since that time, it still holds true that Stakhanovism gives to the skilled worker —who already enjoys an advantage in the higher basic pay of his classification—an increased opportunity of getting double or triple the basic rate by exceeding the norm. Stakhanov ran his monthly pay up from 500 to 1,600 rubles; Busygin went from 300 to 1,000 rubles a month; and Krivonoss, the railwayman, boasted of doubling his pay while working only part time.

No harm would be done to the lower categories of workers if the skilled men were paid according to the value of their labor. But the principle that any ton of coal above a certain norm is worth two and a half times as much as any ton below it tends to reward a Stakhanovite miner beyond the value of his social contribution. New machinery and more efficient factories were the social base of Stakhanovism. Individual Stakhanovites, engineers, and officials are reaping all the surplus values produced on that base. The true effect of unequal payments can be visualized if one keeps two central facts in mind: industrial production, measured in tons, gallons, or other physical quantities—*not* in rubles as Soviet officials are so shrewdly measuring it these days—has been leveling off in the past three years, while the total annual pay roll has gone up from 56 billion rubles in 1935 to 96 billion rubles in 1938. This means an inflation which the Stakhanovite is able to weather better than the unskilled worker. To look at it the other way around, inflation was one way of getting an increased proportion of the national income into the hands of Stakhanovites and others without cutting the *money* wages of the unskilled. For in times when the total industrial output levels off and, therefore, the total of real wages remains constant, increased rewards to one group can only be made at the expense of another. To do this by means of inflation is politically more expedient than by wage cuts. By inflation *all* money wages can be increased. Nobody will deny that the money wages of unskilled workers have risen. But their real wages have declined so catastrophically that at the end of 1937 a decree had to be passed adding a supplement to their wages to bring them to 110 rubles per month. This supplement is not a reward for labor. It is relief of the poor.

The Stakhanovites will use their political influence to hold their grip on the national wealth. They are demanding radios, electric refrigerators, cosmetics, automobiles, and they will get them, while the lower workers have yet to enjoy substantial shoes, winter overcoats, and a halfway decent diet. In housing, too, the differences between wages paid to skilled and unskilled workers have their effects on forms that are peculiarly socialistic. The aim of the Soviet government in its early days was to remove the burden of housework from women in order to make them available for industrial employment and office work. Hence the kitchen was to be amputated from the worker's home, and communal kitchens, dining-rooms, and nurseries were to multiply. Now much of this "theorizing" has been done away with. Between 1928 and 1933 the per capita housing space for the city population dropped from fifty-eight to forty-eight square feet.

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Although the funds allocated to housing rose steadily, they failed to keep pace with the urban influx. After 1935 those funds started downward. Per capita space figures are no longer available, and that fact, considered in conjunction with the enormously increased birth rate, suggests that conditions have passed from the intolerable to the explosive. One thing seems to have served to neutralize the probable discontent—and it implies an abandonment of all social theorizing: housing is apportioned less than ever on a per capita basis. Wage differences and the resulting ability to pay even steeply graded rents permit a Stakhanovite or an engineer to enjoy a whole house or flat, while the unskilled worker must be satisfied with an eight-hour share of a bed in a barrack. The relative contentment of the influential section of the populace smothers the grumbling of the less fortunate.

Qualitative changes in a direction away from socialism have paralleled the unequal allotment of housing space. On February 3, 1936, *Pravda* published an editorial blast against the "leftist tendency" of certain architects who, still considering a home as a mere place to sleep in, had been omitting kitchens, bedrooms for servants, laundry tubs, and closets for foodstuffs in individual apartments. It seems that Moscow was full of apartments designed by leftists who, as one architect wrote in to *Pravda,* were "attempting an artificial implantation of communal principles." In buildings already in process of erection stoves were hurriedly installed in bathrooms and living-rooms. In special articles in the *Moscow Daily News* architects discussed plans for the newly required servants' bedrooms. Some held that since the bedrooms were likely to be very small, they might be just alcoves in the kitchens. By 1937 the fundamental cause of this change in the architectural "line" was made quite clear: a steady drain of workers to the armament industries had depressed the number of workers in the public food services —restaurants, cafeterias, and the like—from 545,000 to 395,000. It is this labor shift that has caused the decline of "communal" eating and made way for the restoration of the private kitchen.

To increase the railroads' capacity for transporting war materials by relieving them of the need to carry as much foodstuff, the authorities have been granting plots of ground to millions of city industrial workers for use as kitchen gardens. For years the trade unions discouraged these kitchen gardens, asserting that there was nothing more alien to the concept of socialism than the picture of the industrial worker struggling to increase his real wages by scratching the soil around some sickly cabbages while the peasant was seeking an outlet for the produce of his acres. Now their assigned task is to get rakes, hoes, and packets of seeds for the workers.

Perhaps, as its statesmen repeatedly assert, it is against a world of hostile countries that the Soviet Union seeks to fence itself. But having embarked upon armament competition, the home of socialism has had to resort, first, to a new creation of classes, and then to that same forceful maintenance of class relationships which underlies the military economies of other lands. Whatever may have been the truth about the attempts to shoot Stalin, poison Gorki, and put ground glass in some Stakhanovite's borscht, many of the leaders shot for treason, Bukharin in particular, had been thinking seriously about the conflict between militarism and socialism.

Gunning for Maverick

BY CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

San Antonio, December 11

MAYOR MAURY MAVERICK was at his desk in the City Hall this morning. That is where a mayor should be, but for the last two weeks Maverick has spent most of his time at the red-stone county courthouse two blocks away, fighting for his political life and even for his liberty. His enemies did their utmost to send him to the penitentiary for paying the poll tax of another person, which is a felony in Texas. They failed. Maverick said it was all a political smear; certainly the prosecution didn't have much evidence. But if it couldn't convict him on the indictment, it hoped to convict him of standing up for the constitutional rights of Communists, of being friendly to the C. I. O. and the Newspaper Guild, of getting $1,000 of Yankee money for his campaign, and of knowing David Dubinsky well enough to call him Dave. It was only after nearly two weeks of a tense, bitter trial, that a jury called at least a temporary halt to the whole noisome business by deciding that Maury Maverick wasn't guilty.

The halt is temporary because Maverick may be brought to trial again. He still faces four felony and ten misdemeanor indictments on similar poll-tax charges. It would seem only fair, since all the charges grew out of the same episode, to dismiss the remaining indictments, but in San Antonio politics fairness is considered almost sissy. District Attorney John Shook, who is running interference now for the city machine which Maverick defeated last May, has not yet decided whether or not to press the remaining charges. The felony indictments are

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likely to be ignored, since there is little chance of gaining a conviction on them. But Shook may press the misdemeanor charges in the hope that Maury's political record can at least be smeared with a fine.

From the beginning, the prosecution had only the faintest hope of convicting Maverick of a felony. But it went to trial anyway so that the testimony, true and false together, could be spread on the public record. The most that the prosecution really hoped for was a hung jury. Then it could have been said of Maverick in future campaigns, "True, the jury didn't find Maury guilty, but neither did it find him innocent."

But whether the remaining charges are pressed or not, Maverick's acquittal in the first trial is regarded here as a pretty certain indication that his enemies will fail in their effort to ruin his career. Most observers feel that his foes overreached themselves. They came close to making him a political martyr, and he is likely to emerge from the whole ordeal stronger than ever. Besides, Maverick would not be dismayed by a fine, or even by a felony conviction. He was prepared in the event of a conviction to attack the whole poll-tax law, and his attorneys laid the basis for an appeal to the Supreme Court on constitutional grounds. He was not in the least afraid of going to jail.

Maury Maverick

These poll-tax charges were only part of a long campaign to discredit Maverick's administration. He had no political honeymoon. Within two weeks of the day he took office on June 1 the newspapers were solemnly announcing that he had violated his campaign pledge to reduce city expenses. When he hired a police chief from Illinois because he could not find a suitable man at home, the papers yelled that it was an insult to San Antonio's manhood. But all this was a mere whisper compared to the tub-thumping that echoed to the Texas skies when he let Emma Tenayuca, a frail little Mexican girl whom they call the Red Rose of San Antonio, have a permit for a Communist meeting in the Municipal Auditorium. Right then Maverick's stock was really low. Scarcely anybody could be found who would admit he ever had voted or ever would vote for Maverick. If his foes had been wise, they would have sat back quietly to wait for the next election.

The poll-tax charges were based on an episode that occurred last January. David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, gave Maverick $1,000 for his campaign, and Maverick in turn gave $250 to the San Antonio local of the I. L. G. W. U. The prosecution claimed that this $250 was to be used for the illegal payment of poll taxes, but Maverick successfully maintained that the money had been intended only to help the union carry on a publicity campaign to encourage their members to pay their own poll taxes. This is a perfectly legal aim.

There were gaps in the evidence so big you could drive a tank through them. But whenever the evidence was weak, prejudice was offered instead. Judge Bryce Ferguson, who conducted the trial ably and fairly, threw the prejudice out promptly, but the prosecution seemed to be working on the theory that if you throw a skunk into the jury box, you can drag out the carcass but not the smell. However, this appeal to prejudice failed completely. The trial even removed from Maverick the curse of the Communist meeting last August, for testimony showed that the meeting had been purposely arranged to embarrass him.

Immediately after Maverick's acquittal it was suggested, chiefly in Washington, that he should lead a drive against the poll tax throughout the South. But Maverick himself sees his first job as catching up on his work in the San Antonio City Hall—if he can keep out of a courtroom long enough. He wants to be reelected. It will do him no good to be famous abroad if he can't get a majority of the votes at home.

Meanwhile, he is still the leader of the Roosevelt third-term movement in Texas. President Roosevelt was among the first to congratulate him on his acquittal. If it comes to a fight between Roosevelt and Garner in Texas, Maverick will play an important role, for though his following is not state-wide, he does have important support not only in his home city but also in Austin, Houston, and Dallas. There are lots of Roosevelt men in Texas.

Moreover, Maverick's trouble with the poll tax will probably gain him a wider audience and enhance his political stature throughout the state. Thousands upon thousands of poor workers and poor farmers—not only Mexicans and Negroes but Anglo-Americans too—are disfranchised by the poll-tax law, and Maverick's trial has in a sense dramatized the issue. After he has consolidated his position in San Antonio, he may find support in the state where he has found it in the city—among people hitherto not accustomed to vote because of the poll tax. Maverick won't be ready for a state office in 1940, but he may be by 1942.

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The Catholic Press

BY H. RUTLEDGE SOUTHWORTH

THOUGH the average American is unaware of its existence, the press of the Roman Catholic church is today one of the most influential publishing units in the United States. More powerful than any other religious press, it includes, according to Charles H. Ridder, president of the Catholic Press Association, 139 newspapers, with a circulation of 2,639,165, and 197 magazines, with a circulation of 4,604,141, besides more than 4,000 local publications. What gives this press its peculiar importance in comparison with the press of other religious groups is the fact that the Catholic church engages in politics on a vast scale and that Catholicism is in fact the oldest of the international isms. The American Catholic press is a vital part of the church's political machinery and was greatly encouraged by Pope Pius XI, who saw it as a powerful agency of Catholic Action—that is, cooperation between laity and hierarchy for the attainment of Catholic aims.

Technically, the Catholic press does not speak for the church. Only the Pope does that. But millions of practicing Catholics never question either the news or the news interpretations in the Catholic press. This is especially true of readers of the sixty-odd diocesan and archdiocesan organs. These are usually weekly newspapers and have the largest lay circulations—frequently exceeding 50,000. Each receives its official status from the bishop, and three out of four are edited by priests. Sometimes the paper is held in the bishop's name, along with other church property; sometimes it belongs to a company controlled by wealthy laymen. In either case its influence in the diocese comes from the bishop's recommendation. The paper is what he wants his flock to read. Bishop Molloy of Brooklyn, who last November was decorated by the Fascist government of Italy, must, one surmises, approve of his diocesan paper, the *Tablet,* which is anti-New Deal, anti-C. I. O., anti-Semitic, pro-Fascist, pro-Coughlin, and pro-Franco. On the other hand, Cardinal Mundelein, late Cardinal Archbishop of Chicago, urged his people to read the *New World,* which was pro-New Deal, pro-C. I. O., anti-Coughlin, anti-Fascist, distrustful of Franco. Both are official Catholic publications.

It was through the *Freeman's Journal,* his official organ, that Bishop Hughes began in 1852 his campaign to secure public money for Catholic schools. The continuity of Catholic policy is seen in the keynote address to the 1939 meeting of the Catholic Press Association, in which Bishop Gannon counseled the Catholic editors to work for the same goal, as yet unattained. (This campaign, today the most important domestic drive on the church's program, is assuming increasing importance in the Catholic press. Witness the second encyclical of Pius XII.) Catholic campaigns against birth control, "indecent" literature, the Child Labor Amendment, and the liberal government of Mexico, and in behalf of motion-picture censorship and Spanish fascism, were largely directed by these "official" organs.

Father Peter M. H. Wynhoven, editor of *Catholic Action of the South,* and vice-president of the Catholic Press Association, lists 235 important Catholic periodicals which though not "official" are "approved" by the proper church authorities. Included are publications of religious orders, such as the Jesuit *America,* the most influential Catholic publication in the United States, and of Catholic societies and fraternal orders, such as the *Holy Name Journal,* sponsored by the Holy Name Society. *Catholic Action,* official organ of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, speaking for the American hierarchy, is "approved," not "official." The most widely circulated Catholic journal of our times, Father Coughlin's *Social Justice,* was formerly "approved" but early this year lost that standing. Father Wynhoven does not list it as a Catholic publication. He lists the liberal *Commonweal* as "approved," but *Commonweal* editors do not know who "approved" it. The *Catholic Worker* is neither "approved" nor "official."

In 1920 the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the American hierarchical organization, established a press service which now furnishes to Catholic papers a weekly news service averaging 50,000 words, including foreign cable and radio dispatches. It services 452 publications and 24 foreign countries, and is probably the most influential Catholic press bureau in the world. The Catholic Press Association, founded in 1890, which today includes 142 leading Catholic publications, is also important in formulating Catholic press policies. A significant effort to streamline the Catholic press is the work of Monsignor Matthew Smith, editor of the Denver *Register,* who has persuaded twenty-two dioceses to add local items and issue their own edition of the *Register.*

FROM COUGHLIN TO MUNDELEIN

A Catholic of any political point of view can today find at least one Catholic paper to suit his taste—whether he is progressive or fascist. The foetal-fascist wing of the Catholic press was outlined by *Social Justice* on

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July 17 last in a list which gave as "required reading" *America,* the *Tablet,* and *Social Justice. Light,* organ of the International Catholic Truth Society and edited by the Coughlin understudy, Father Edward Lodge Curran, Ph. D., and the *Sign,* published by the Passionist Fathers, also belong in this group, as does *Our Sunday Visitor,* diocesan organ of Huntington, Indiana, which has a national circulation of more than 400,000 and wide distribution among young people.

These papers have supported fascism not only in Spain but elsewhere. "Czechoslovakia Rises Again as a Christian State" was a front-page headline of the Brooklyn *Tablet* shortly after Munich, over a story reading in part: "Now freed from the foreign elements which had been foisted on to the Versailles-created republic, Czechoslovakia as a federation is determined to build itself up as a Christian state." On October 2, 1938, *Our Sunday Visitor* declared editorially, "Germany, Italy, and Japan—the so-called fascist nations—are allied in sympathy and co-operation—and this may be bad. But England, France, Russia, Czechoslovakia, and the United States are allied in a similar manner—and we believe this is worse."

The leader of this group is *America,* to which must be credited the growing influence of the Jesuit "line" in American Catholic publications, the desire to see here the sort of state advocated in Austria by Dollfuss and Monsignor Seipel, in Spain by Gil Roblés, and created in Portugal by Salazar—that is, Catholic, or "integral," democracy. These Catholic fascist movements flowered when papal diplomacy was in the hands of the present pope. Francis X. Talbot, S. J., editor of *America,* wrote last year in Harold Stearn's symposium, "America Now," this outline of the Catholic position:

> In the United States, then, the Catholic church recognizes the government established by the will of the people as wholly and undeniably legitimate; demands that the Catholic communicants give free and unreserved allegiance to the government; and pledges itself to uphold that government in every exigency, to the best of its ability. Nevertheless, the American Catholic, enthusiastically affirming that the American constitutional system of government is the best non-Catholic form yet devised, claiming, furthermore, that the American Declaration of Independence and Constitution were derived from Catholic sources, can declare in utter good faith that a government erected on the Leonine [Leo XIII] principles would be a more perfect instrument.

The bulk of the Catholic press follows *America.* A very few Catholic papers follow the *New World,* a provocative weekly with a virile and realistic approach to current problems that is sadly lacking in other Catholic progressive journals. The *Commonweal,* a national Catholic magazine of social and literary comment, which had been steadily edging deeper into reaction, in 1938 abandoned its right-wing position, but it has never approached the forthrightness of the *New World.* The *Catholic Worker,* hopeful and starry-eyed, has a good labor record and has distinguished itself by its continued opposition to Catholic neo-fascists. The *Labor Leader,* organ of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, is more realistic. The last two suffer from small circulations and are supported largely by those members of the clergy who feel that if the church does not take a more vigorous pro-labor stand it will lose the workers.

More significant than these lay experiments is the defense of union labor by diocesan papers like the *New World,* the *Michigan Catholic* of Detroit, and the *Pittsburgh Catholic,* all published in centers of C. I. O. activity. The *Register* chain vigorously defended union labor last summer when Cleveland business men, headed by C. F. Burke of the General Tire and Rubber Company, protested against the labor activities of Catholic leaders.

FASCISM, SPAIN, AND CHURCH POWER

On international issues the Catholic press has always advocated whatever political course would further church power. It opposed American foreign intervention in support of the Hungarian Kossuth, a Protestant; it favored intervention in behalf of the Catholics in Ireland and in Mexico. It has opposed extending the "Good Neighbor" spirit in Latin America for fear of spreading Protestantism. Father John La Farge, S. J., declared in *America* (January 14, 1939):

> The strongest bond of unity in this whole pan-American field is not economic or commercial interdependence but the Catholic faith which these nations possess in common with 20,000,000 citizens of the United States and over 4,000,000 in Canada. This bond of unity lies in our custody as Catholics. Is it not about time that we rouse ourselves and insist that American diplomacy recognize this bond in the pursuit of inter-American harmony?

In the name of the church's 20-odd million members the Catholic press has tried to bring American foreign policy into line with international Catholic policy even where that policy favored the fascist powers. A plain indication of the hierarchy's tolerance for fascism was given by Bishop John Mark Gannon of Erie, chairman of the Press Department of the N. C. W. C., in an address before the C. P. A. in New York on June 22, 1939.

> In Europe [said Bishop Gannon] we have five dictatorships: Russia, Germany, Turkey, Italy, and Portugal. Two of them, Russia and Turkey, are definitely hostile to Christianity and God. Two of them, Italy and Portugal, actually support by public tax the church in all its fields of endeavor. Germany likewise supports the church, but due to a secular tendency in recent years there is a definite but we hope temporary form of persecution of Christian leaders.

The clearest expression of fascist sympathies in the Catholic press was its pro-Franco stand during the Span-

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ish war, and it is not unfair to use that issue as a touchstone. The success of the campaign to retain the embargo on Spain was largely attributable to the unremitting pressure of the Catholic press. Pro-labor papers like the *Michigan Catholic* and the *Pittsburgh Catholic* espoused the anti-labor, pro-fascist cause in Spain. Only three Catholic periodicals—the *Catholic Worker,* the *New World,* and the *Commonweal* in the last months of the war—dared even suggest that Franco's war was not a holy war. This unanimity was secured through the releases of the N. C. W. C. news service. Judged by any standard of modern journalism, the coverage of the war in Spain given by the official Catholic news agency must be considered one of the most dishonest efforts of our age.

The Catholic press based its Spanish stand on the following points, all demonstrably false: (1) the Popular Front achieved victory in the February 16, 1936, elections through fraud and violence; (2) immediately after the elections the left began with governmental connivance a reign of terror which forced the army to intervene to restore order; (3) the murder of Calvo Sotelo by the government on July 13 provoked the Spanish people to rise; (4) proof of a Communist plot to seize the government caused Franco to rise; (5) Franco was supported by a majority of the Spanish people; (6) the Spanish government was fighting to impose communism on the Spanish people; (7) Franco's movement was not fascist; (8) Franco accepted no German and Italian help until after the Soviet Union intervened in behalf of the Spanish government; (9) the massacre at Badajoz never took place, the bombing of Guernica was a newspaperman's fake, and the bombings of Barcelona and Valencia were confined to military objectives.

The trump card of the Catholic press, however, was the lurid charge that the "anti-religious" Spanish government had killed 300,000 men, women, and children because they were Catholics. It is true that churches were burned and that priests, perhaps even nuns, were killed in Republican territory, though never in anything like the figures given in the church press. That press, moreover, rarely pointed out that such outrages against the lives of priests as occurred took place *after* Franco had risen in revolt—in the name of the church—taking with him the bulk of the army and police power. There is no evidence to show governmental connivance in the crimes committed by an enraged people who thought the church was supporting a fascist movement—as indeed it was. The Catholic press never explained to democratic American Catholics why these things happened. It did not tell of the issue of the Catholic magazine *Acción Española,* published in Burgos in March, 1937, with the benediction of the Cardinal Primate, which declared the justification for its politics to be that "democracy and universal suffrage were embryonic forms of communism and anarchy." It did not tell how the Bishop of Pamplona had early in 1936 blessed the flag of the fascist Spanish Phalanx. It did not tell of the English Catholics, Jerrold and Pollard, who, acting on behalf of their international religious affiliations, helped to bring Franco from the Canaries to Morocco. These facts, often published in Spain with the sanction of the church, were never revealed to American Catholics. Only a *New World* columnist had the courage to face the challenge to the Catholic press given by the German and Italian post-war revelations of aid to Franco. He wrote (June 30, 1939):

> The accusations are now being made on every side that many Catholic writers and, unfortunately, most of the Catholic press were guilty of presenting falsehoods about the Spanish Civil War. . . . They are the more unfortunate because these writers and papers were continually accusing the daily press of untruthfulness and unfairness, while they themselves did not have clean hands. It now appears that the daily press gave a more fair and accurate picture of the Spanish war than did many units of the Catholic press.

The *Catholic Review,* archdiocesan organ of Baltimore, replied that "the isolation of the *New World* from the rest of the Catholic papers is complete. For that we are thankful." Monsignor Thomas S. Duggan wrote in the Hartford *Transcript,* official diocesan organ:

> What we black sheep Catholic papers printed about the Spanish war was taken directly from the news releases of the National Catholic Welfare Conference or inspired by those releases. The National Catholic Welfare Conference is the creation and mouthpiece of the American bishops. If we were dishonest there is an inference to be drawn which all but the foolhardy will avoid.

To defend its falsehoods on Spain the Catholic press attacked the publishers and correspondents of the secular press. Father Joseph F. Thorning, the most articulate of Franco's propagandists, often pointed out that Pulitzer, Stern, Meyer, and Sulzberger were Jews, and therefore prejudiced against Franco. Jay Allen was attacked to discredit his story of the Badajoz massacre. G. L. Steer was assailed to tear down his story of the bombing of Guernica. Father Thorning libeled Lawrence Fernsworth by writing in the *Tablet:*

> The evidence of Mr. Fernsworth's connections with the leftist government of Spain was gathered by agents of the British Foreign Office and led to his resignation from the *Times* (London) and the New York *Times.*

Herbert L. Matthews was called insane. Leland Stowe, Vincent Sheean, Ernest Hemingway, John Gunther, and others were constantly vilified.

It is impossible to gauge with accuracy the power of this press. By no means does it reach even half the Catholics in this country. After two years of Catholic press enthusiasm for fascism in Spain, the Gallup poll in December, 1938, reported that one-third of American Cath-

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olics had no opinion on the war, while 43 per cent of those with opinions were pro-Loyalist. The press did succeed, however, in molding a loud, militant pressure group which had tremendous effect on politicians. At the suggestion of Father Gillis, editor of the monthly *Catholic World* and author of a column widely circulated in the Catholic press, the Catholic Press Association in June adopted with only two dissenting votes a motion to rebuke all secular newspapers the C. P. A. believed guilty of reporting the Spanish war unfairly. This kind of Catholic pressure on the secular press is now organized in the United Catholic Organizations Press Relations Committee, directed by Father Toomey, S. J., of *America*.

ON COUGHLIN AND THE WAR

The most significant Catholic press development in recent months has been the increasing support for Coughlin. To the non-Catholic press Coughlin is perhaps known chiefly for his encouragement to anti-Semitism. But to the Catholic press he is the man who deluged Congress with telegrams against lifting the embargo on Spain, the man who led the fight against revision of the Neutrality Act. The N. C. W. C. news service sends out Coughlin's speeches. The *Tablet* prints Coughlin's speeches in full. The Catholic *News*, New York archdiocesan organ, prints weekly excerpts, as does the St. Louis *Catholic*. The *Western Catholic*, organ of the Springfield, Illinois, diocese, speaks of the "fearless, peerless Father Coughlin." The *Evangelist*, Albany's diocesan paper, defends Father Coughlin's anti-Semitism with:

> Communism's Enemy Number One in this country is Father Coughlin. In his sincere effort to expose its godless philosophy and harmful economic system he spares neither Jew nor Gentile.

The *Catholic Herald*, St. Louis's "approved" newspaper, reprints Coughlin and comments:

> But whatever men say, they cannot truthfully and justly contend Father Coughlin lacks the courage to speak the truth as he sees it, and is convinced of it. And that is something big, just as the priest's venture is big. Something all Americans should, in conformity with a fine tradition, admire, whether they subscribe to Father Coughlin's view or not.

Only two diocesan organs stand out in the fight against Coughlin—the *New World* and the Pittsburgh *Catholic*.

Purely Catholic interests will determine the attitude of the church press on the present war as they have on other major issues. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, prominent American church spokesman, declared in England this past summer, "The majority of Catholics do not want the President to be given the right to declare who is an 'aggressor,' lest it be used against the church as it would have been used against it in Spain if such a right were then enjoyed." There are, however, even in the Roman Catholic church, wheels within wheels. A recent report received from Rome indicated a 40 per cent decrease in papal revenues since the invasion of Poland. The prime financial importance of the United States church to the Vatican and the fact that the New World Catholic population now equals that of the Old, may cause the church to continue its "isolationist" stand. Nevertheless, there are some signs that a shift is in the making. If all the guns can be turned against Soviet Russia, the church press may well clamor for our participation in a "holy war." Yet the church is wary. John P. Delaney, writing in *America* (October 14), says:

> This is not yet a religious war. Before it can become such, we must have some assurance that the men and nations who are directing the war are primarily interested in the preservation of religious liberty. Thus far, we have no such assurance.

Another factor that will contribute to the formation of the Catholic "line" is the articulate anti-British Empire bias of the Irish leadership of the American Catholic hierarchy and press. England, with its apostate state church, and anti-clerical France are viewed with disfavor by many American clerics. Also, the church would not favor any coalition, even against Soviet Russia, that might result in an international body not dominated by the church, for international organizations are the special foes of the church, be they Socialist, Communist, Masonic, or leagues of nations. Patrick Scanlan, managing editor of the *Tablet*, summed up the Catholic editor's position, as far as it can be summed up, on April 1, 1939:

> The question for us is: Who is for God and who is against God? Who favors religion, who is against it? Who will protect and uphold God's rights, defend His church, and oppose anti-God? That is the all-important issue. Nothing else matters a great deal.

Democracy? Truth? Liberty? Fraternity? Equality? "Nothing else matters a great deal."

News from Vienna

By ANTON KUH

REFUGEES who arrive fresh from Austria, on Dutch and Italian boats, are very circumspect and cautious when asked about conditions in the Ostmark. The fate of hundreds of thousands of fellow-sufferers who were left behind under Hitler's whip imposes discretion upon them. Other passengers with whom I have talked, however, neutrals who have managed to slip in and out of the Reich, are less reticent. Whether their observations and comments on Vienna give a picture that is true for other sections of Germany is difficult to determine at this distance, but they are important in themselves, and their authenticity is apparent to one who knows Vienna and the Viennese as intimately as I do.

History has hit the Austrian in a particularly sensitive

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spot, his stomach. Many of the rich foods of which he was so fond had practically disappeared from the market before the war broke out. Now coffee, tea, and chocolate cannot be bought, cards or no cards. Butter is rationed at the rate of half a pound a week, not per person, but for a medium-sized family. Sugar can be obtained only in minimal quantities. As for bread, two rolls are allowed per day, per person. The weekly ration of meat at the beginning of the war was fixed at about a pound and a half per person, fat and bones not included. Early last October it was reduced to a fraction over a pound; today it still weighs the same but with a qualification—bones are now included. Single persons who must take their meals in restaurants are even worse off. For weeks the menus of the Viennese restaurants, at one time famous for presenting a vast selection of savory items, have offered only one dish—stewed sauerkraut and *Knödel,* or Viennese dumpling. This most native of Austria's national dishes has always been popular, and its preservation as the universal ration may have indicated deference to the culinary sentiments of the Viennese if not to their bodily needs. But some Viennese wits have suggested that it is more probably an expression of the Führer's satirical humor, for the *Knödeln* are not made of flour and generous quantities of fat but of a sticky mess of potatoes, and sugar can no longer be used to sweeten the sauerkraut.

With respect to other household essentials the people do not fare any better. Nobody dares even think about dust-cloths and mops. Soap is obtainable only by card, one cake a week for a whole family. It is of the coarsest quality and must serve for both toilet and laundering purposes. As to wearing apparel, the rule is two suits, two shirts, and one pair of shoes a year. Replacements cannot be bought without a certificate of need.

And how is such a certificate obtained? Again Hitler observes the traditions of his Viennese with a vengeance. In the Vienna of Emperor Francis Joseph, just as in Paris, the concierge was the all-powerful genie of daily life. His hands held the reins of the entire apartment house, and he certified births, deaths, marriages, political reliability, morality, and voting qualification. Hitler has restored all these offices to the feared cerberus of the past, the *Hausbesorger,* and enhanced his importance by making him a trusted party member, with the duty to watch over the bodies and minds of his tenants. He is the person to be seen when the suit has fallen to pieces, and his is the power to obtain a new shirt when the old one will not stand another washing. It is up to him to decide whether a new garment may be bought or whether a stitch here and a patch there will prolong the usefulness of the old one. He inspects the worn heels of his clients and sits in judgment when he believes that the precious cake of soap is not properly used. (Only women's stockings are outside the concierge's sphere. In order to buy a new pair one has only to hand over the old stockings to the salesgirl, who turns them in for reprocessing.) The records in the concierge's lodge have become an integral part of life in Vienna. His files contain everything from political dossiers to pants buttons.

At the same time the authorities have issued to shopkeepers instructions calculated to maintain a Potemkin's illusion of abundance. The magnificent plate-glass windows of the stores in the Kärntnerstrasse are filled with the costly articles which have always formed the attraction of that thoroughfare. But amid the smart dresses, silk scarves, leather bags, hats, and furs is a little placard, replacing the sign "Jewish store" of a year ago, with the inscription *"Schauware"* (display stock); sometimes this novel sign bears as explanation the legend "Must not be sold." Inside, the store suggests the palaces on movie lots —a magnificent front and nothing behind it. The shelves are empty.

In times of need the spirit of rebellion rises in the women of the people rather than in the men. The housewives are the first to clench their fists and grumble against the harsh authorities. The Hitler regime is well aware of this and has formed an auxiliary police force, consisting of several hundred middle-class women and servant girls, whose function it is to report to the Gestapo any indiscreet complaint overheard in restaurants, in the markets, or in homes, and to denounce those who sneer at the *Opfergeist,* the spirit of sacrifice, which should rule the home front. These women receive regular pay, enjoy favors which the Gestapo alone is able to confer, and consequently perform their tasks conscientiously. But treachery in their own ranks does not paralyze women as it does men. It did not prevent Viennese women last month from organizing a mock demonstration of loyalty to their Führer. Several hundred strong, they marched through the streets carrying empty shopping bags in their right hands and chanting, as they raised them to the Hitler salute, *"Wir danken unserem Führer"* (we thank our Führer).

Resentment and dejection have for some time reigned among Austrian women. An official decree forbids public mourning for sons, fathers, brothers, husbands, killed in the war. A woman who should forget herself in the street to the extent of shedding a tear for a loved one is liable to be picked up by the first S. A. patrol, usually composed of boys between fifteen and twenty, and conducted to the nearest police station. The Gestapo knows how to nip a revolution in the bud; it simply clears the streets of all surface signs of discontent. Mobilization orders have not been posted as formerly but mailed to each individual, so as to prevent any public gathering where silent but eloquent looks might be exchanged.

But the truth is too conspicuous to be covered up. Two capital facts in particular can no longer be concealed. The first is that from the early days of the war a dis-

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proportionately large number of Austrian soldiers were sent to the Polish battlefields, where they suffered enormous casualties. (The Nazis issued orders prohibiting the appearance of wounded soldiers in the streets of Vienna.) In the light of this fact the reports of mutinies in garrisons in Styria, Carinthia, and Upper Austria, so often denied by the Germans, become entirely credible. The Austrians are gradually beginning to see Hitler's true relationship to them. For him they are a conquered people, an unreliable element, in the acid test proved to be poor material for totalitarianism. The best place for them is at the front, in Prussian army formations, under Prussian officers!

The second, more far-reaching in that it affects not only Austria but the entire Reich, is the discovery that the men who have been specially trained and been instilled with enthusiasm for the war to come, the élite Hitler guards, are now stationed in the rear. Their job in this war is apparently to dry, in their more or less subtle way, the tears shed in Vienna, Warsaw, Katowice, Bromberg, Mährisch-Ostrau. At the front are only the regular army corps made up of young farmer boys and career officers reinforced by contingents of middle-aged men. Inquiries among families who have sons of military age almost invariably bring out the remarkable fact that the flower of the Nazi regime, the S. S., S. A., and H. J. lads, busy themselves with the cultivation of the proper attitude at home and in the conquered provinces. The middle-aged men, the uncles and fathers who saw service at the front in the last war, man the fortifications.

The quick wit of the Viennese has seized upon this fact and has already compressed it in a *bon mot,* which was repeated by a former high official of the Schuschnigg regime upon his arrival in New York a few days ago: "Hitler exterminated his opponents in three stages—first Socialists, then Jews, then Catholics. Now he is at the fourth stage—all male Germans over thirty-five."

This bitter joke springs from the realization that Hitler intends to keep intact and unharmed his own army of German youth, regardless of what may happen to the people's army. His young followers must not be allowed to experience the horrors of war on the battlefield. Their heroism is given an outlet in taming a disarmed foe. (The Czechs were no doubt driven to make their recent hopeless outbreak by the humiliation of having to submit to schoolboys playing police.)

Before Schuschnigg's fall the board fences in Vienna and the walls of houses and comfort stations were smeared with swastikas; now they are covered with a bit of doggerel. It is a simple couplet, hardly refined in tone but typically Viennese in its laconic irony:

Die Juden sind weg
Und wir haben ein' Dreck.

To what or whom the Viennese refer will be the business of future historians to unravel.

In the Wind

MEMO TO FRANK GANNETT: The Federal Trade Commission, prosecuting Hearst's *Good Housekeeping* for misleading ads, recently held a hearing in Chicago. It heard a number of physicians testify that certain widely advertised drugs were not what the ads said they were. Commenting on the hearings, *Space and Tide,* a private news letter for advertising men, said: "As usual, here as elsewhere, there is a flat ban on mention of the trial in the dailies."

PRINCIPALS OF Los Angeles high schools have received a confidential communication from school-system officials about John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath." Pointing out that the book is "objectionable" to "several groups of people" and that it is intended for adults, the statement warns: " 'The Grapes of Wrath' . . . should not be assigned or recommended by teachers to high-school or junior-high-school students. When students have read the book under the supervision of their parents and wish to deal with it in a school situation, the discussion should not be permitted to stimulate an unwholesome interest, and should be very carefully guided."

TO PROSPECTIVE subscribers the New York *Times* has sent a Christmas circular which reproduces a recent front page of the *Times.* The page carries the headline: "Nazi Guns Razing Warsaw; Half of City Afire, 1,000 Die." The circular is headed: "Sure to Please."

SHORTLY AFTER the Munich beer-hall explosion, Neville Chamberlain went on the air to ridicule Nazi charges that he was responsible for it. After listening to the address with friends, Lloyd George said solemnly he wasn't convinced and argued that there was some ground for Nazi suspicions. Pressed to explain, he cracked: "The bomb exploded fifteen minutes late."

A BRITISH correspondent reports that Czechoslovakian margarine factories are being compelled to pack their product in paper sent from Russia plainly labeled "U. S. R. R." The object, obviously, is to convince worried consumers in Berlin and elsewhere that Russian aid is already being received on a large scale.

THERE'S A CLASH brewing in the New York Newspaper Guild; John Chamberlain and Ferdinand Lundberg are organizing a bloc to fight the present leadership in the coming Guild elections. . . . The New York *Times* advertisement for Martin Dies's Manhattan mass-meeting was listed under "amusements." . . . Reports trickling out of Germany say that the names of two S. S. men are being whispered as the assassins of von Fritsch.

IF THE *Daily Worker* is right, the Helsinki government was trying to give the Russians a Mickey Finn.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Communism from Above

The Hague, November 18

WHEN I said to persons with whom I talked in Germany that the Reich would be communized in from five to ten years, they always replied that there was no danger of that whatever as the workers would never accept that economic system. When loyal Nazi officials made this answer, I fairly gasped, since the Nazis themselves have so often declared that only their seizure of power saved Germany from the Communists, who were then rolling up about 5,000,000 votes. My reply was that while I agreed with them that communism would not come from below in Germany, I believed it certainly would from above. All maintained that I was ridiculously wrong except one Foreign Office official who said frankly: "I admit that from now on our government's direction will be more to the left." He even went so far as to add that, after all, the governments of Germany and Russia have much in common and numerous joint objectives.

What the officials I talked with could not see was that they have created and set in motion a totalitarian machine which cannot be stopped short of communism unless the aim of the engineers in control is altered, unless, for example, they choose butter instead of guns. This will be true even if the end of the war leaves Hitler at the head of Germany; it is today especially true, for the war is speeding up governmental control of industry. When one reads, for instance, that the government has issued a complete tariff of prices to be charged for the repair of any part of any standard car built in Germany, one gets an idea how far this is going. In order to fight and win the war the government must control all industry and agriculture far more thoroughly than in 1914-18, because so far as food and some other necessities are concerned the nation is off to a worse start than it was twenty-five years ago. It used to be said in the United States that the protective tariff was the mother of trusts and the handmaiden of socialism. Soon some author will rise to prove that modern war inevitably breeds communism and that wholesale military preparedness leads in that direction.

If the war lasts long, it will put Germany far on the road to the complete nationalization of industry and agriculture, and the same thing will happen in France and England. But it will be more difficult for Hitler and Göring to retrace their steps after the war, should they try to do so, than will be the case with their enemies. In the first place, there is the pressure of Göring's Four-Year Plan—copied from the Russians—which is temporarily in the discard. In the second place, there are all the currency complications within the Reich, which, together with indirect inflation, have given the government such a strangle-hold on all financial institutions. Then there is the coming enormous taxation, which may take the form of a capital levy or confiscation. I discount the German big business men who declare that communism has already arrived because their companies must earn 100,000 marks in order to have 10,000 for distribution to stockholders. We know their brothers in the United States who denounce all tax increases as bolshevism. Still, with the government taking all the product of many concerns, regulating production, and fixing both profits and the wages and hours of workers, it is obvious that the present owners are only managing the plants for the Nazis and could easily be dropped.

As for the Communist movement itself, the first people I talked to in Hanover, two workingwomen, assured me that there were more Communists there than ever before. I can only believe that the bulk of the Communists of 1933 have merely put their views in cold storage to save their skins, and that many radical Nazis who hold Hitler faithless because he has not been as socialistic as he promised to be are now all for the swerve to the left. Both of these groups must be hailing the alliance with Stalin. There is no doubt that several thousand, some say six thousand, Communists were released from German concentration camps after Hitler signed up with Stalin. Some persons admitted to me that this was part of the price exacted by Stalin and assured me that all the released men had been immediately shipped to Russia. Wherever they may now be, Hitler can certainly send no more men to jail for being Communists or spreading communistic doctrines within Germany. Stalin will not let him! Thus Germany is as open to Bolshevik propaganda as are the Baltic states. With Russians pouring into Germany on official business and large numbers of German technicians going to Russia, there will certainly be a free interchange of ideas. It is most amusing, in this connection, to record the fact that the public libraries in Frankfort-on-the-Main have just been forbidden to circulate "Mein Kampf"—pending the issuance of a new edition minus all uncomplimentary references to communism and the Bolsheviks! Whether this is a voluntary act of Hitler's or is also part of the bargain, each reader must decide for himself.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Jean Giraudoux

BY KLAUS MANN

AFTER the last World War the younger French writers discovered the Orient Express, the thrills of the Six-Day Bicycle Race and of jazz music, the greatness of Arthur Rimbaud, psychoanalysis, Berlin night life, the genius of Picasso and Charlie Chaplin, the Ballet Russe, and Negro sculpture. The younger generation in Germany, on the other hand, cut off from the world during the war, discovered "Young France." In Paris we encountered a generation of writers who, standing in the line of succession to Proust and Gide, knew how to combine the magic of a new "surrealist" vision with the charm of the *élégance latine* and a certain measure of European common sense. Among those who then held us enthralled was Jean Giraudoux.

In the rich and felicitous stream of his production many elements and charms of the "new France" are blended in the most natural way. His neo-Hellenistic plays—"Amphitryon 38," "La Guerre de Troie n'aura pas lieu," and "Électre"—show that mixture of poetry and casual ceremony which we admire in the dramas of Jean Cocteau—though Giraudoux's urbane manner is far removed from the aesthetic radicalism of Cocteau's half-tragic, half-capricious attitude. His novels, among which "Bella" and "Églantine" are my favorites, testify to the experienced master-craftsmanship of the psychologist who has absorbed French narrative art from Stendhal to Proust, yet has himself remained original.

Giraudoux is a man of the world and a diplomat. He knows many countries and languages. Above all, he knows Germany—a knowledge none too common with French intellectuals. The problem of Germany has perhaps exercised him longer and more profoundly than any other—with the exception of the corresponding problem of France. In his play "Siegfried" it is the Franco-German relationship that forms the dramatic theme.

I first made Giraudoux's acquaintance in Berlin. His appearance and bearing at once speak in his favor. One is inclined to take the tall, lean, carelessly elegant gentleman for an Anglo-Saxon or Scandinavian. He has none of the obvious marks of the writer. He lacks, likewise, the non-commital, routine suavity so common in diplomats. Observing him in a restaurant or on board an ocean liner, one might conclude: a very modern, very athletic college professor from Cambridge, Stockholm, or Boston, as deeply interested in tennis and field sports as in a first edition of Montaigne or an essay by Sigmund Freud.

Later I often saw him in Berlin, whither he journeyed on occasion even after Germany had become the Third Reich. (His new play, "Ondine," was scheduled at the outbreak of the war for performance at the State Theater during the season of 1939-40; thus he personally has little reason to complain of bad treatment in the land of Hitler.) We ate together in Paris restaurants, and I visited him in his office on the Quai d'Orsay. My last personal message from him came from Persia. He was on a sort of journey of inspection to various French legations. In Teheran he met a young diplomat who had married a friend of mine. A line from Giraudoux from such a wild and remote country—it was an agreeable and gracious surprise.

When I read in the newspapers that he had been appointed general commissioner for information I was delighted. The notion of investing a poet and declared friend of the Germans with *pleins pouvoirs* at so critical an hour is typically French—bold, slightly capricious, and very shrewd. For it *is* shrewd not to descend to the level of an enemy whom one could hardly outdo in resourceful infamy and shrillness of lying. Instead, a delicate and winged voice was chosen to present the cause of justice to the world—and we may be certain it will be stronger than the screams of hatred and the hypocritical whimperings on the other side. Yet M. Giraudoux is no Galahad; he is, among other things, a politician. He will do an excellent job.

His sympathy for Germany can be doubted no more than his earnest and passionate patriotism. He loves his France with deep pride, though not without criticism. It is this proud, critical love of his French homeland that lends character and pathos to his long essay, "Pleins Pouvoirs." The book appeared shortly before the outbreak of the war. It is an important book—not merely because its author today has the title and functions of Ministre de l'Information, but because the French spirit here analyzes itself without cowardice or vanity, weighing the chances and dangers of its future with intelligent concern. In large parts it appears to be a most prosaic book. There are statistics about the declining French birth rate and immigration. Detailed plans for public works take up more space than the formulation of moral postulates. The tone and the accent are enthusiastically sober. Giraudoux sees the problem of France chiefly in the guise of an internal problem. To remain *une nation de premier ordre*, to avoid sinking to the position of a vassal state of totalitarian neighbors, France must regenerate itself—"modernize" itself, as our author is inclined to say—while at the same time finding its way back to the great traditions of its history and culture. The situation is very

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serious. Giraudoux warns: "Our life is at stake, *notre pays et . . . nous.*"

The very author who advised his fellow-citizens to give more thought to raising the birth rate and modernizing Paris city planning than to international politics, that same author is now charged with the difficult task and delicate honor of rendering plausible to his own people and a "neutral" world the dignity and interests of embattled democracy. Giraudoux, a French European and citizen of the world, is unlikely to abuse his *pleins pouvoirs*. He believes that every service he renders to France is also rendered to civilization itself. With noble eloquence he propagates *la civilisation de politesse,* in contrast to "the civilization of arrogance—arrogance toward other countries, other people, other gods."

Statesmen are much given to lying, but poets speak the truth. I take it as a good and promising omen that an independent writer of importance now gives us information about France. Giraudoux is surely far from deluding himself that this war is conducted purely on idealistic grounds. Yet he tells no lies and lends expression to what millions of his compatriots feel when he declares: "We desire victory, not to destroy Germany, but to save Europe."

Two Decades of Playgoing

THE AMERICAN DRAMA SINCE 1918. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Random House. $2.50.

IN THE last paragraph of an essay on the Function of Criticism Mr. Krutch drew up some seven years ago the blueprints for his "The American Drama Since 1918." "We can," he wrote then, "ask only that the critic shall be aware of the personal nature of his reactions as well as of the arbitrary character of his standards, and that, just in proportion as he fails to maintain an absolute detachment, he will cultivate that underlying skepticism which softens the dogmatism from which we cannot escape so long as we undertake to say anything at all."

On this basis the strictness and scope of the arbitrary standards become matters of critical cogency; in Mr. Krutch, as few playgoers, especially if they are readers of *The Nation,* need to be told, they exist in rare purity combined with sharp perceptions, sound scholarship, and the pervasive warmth of the truly enlisted playgoer. It is a combination that gives his work a serene perspective without loss of the jostling touch of people in the aisle and the forces they bring into the theater with them. As a critical historian whose work is based on active playgoing, Mr. Krutch has the wisdom to observe the theater as well as the drama.

His observations make up the soundest and most knowledgeable study of contemporary American playwrights that we have yet had in connected terms. Both Miss Flexner and Mrs. Bloch have recently gone somewhat scathingly over the same ground, but with the frank bias of critics studying the social viewpoint and conditioning of playwrights rather than their position as artists. Mr. Krutch reveals his own attitude most clearly I think in one line about Elmer Rice, whose uncertain status in our drama may, says Mr. Krutch, "stand as an awful warning to the artist who confuses artistic seriousness with seriousness of any other kind."

Here, then, is a study of American playwrights from the moment when the native theater cast off, after generations of European imitation, the tradition of slavish borrowing, and in the work of O'Neill and his followers began to set up an authentic drama of its own. These domestic impulses might have been apparent sooner if Moody had lived, if Fitch had been bold enough to use his craftsmanship on something beyond copying, if "The New York Idea" had been more than an isolated drop in an empty bucket. But as it happened, the war that made America really Europe conscious gave its drama some self-confidence, so that our theater found in the year 1918 a landmark as convenient and definite as the Armory Show in painting. It yielded then to a transfusion of ideas that embraced stagecraft, acting, and scene design, and in this enlarged range of procedure, as well as in the loosening grip of business monopoly, the emerging authors found themselves with a free theater and a free hand. Ultimately they even found an audience.

It is, of course, childish to assume—as one pre-Hitler German doctrinaire argued on the basis of O'Neill's use of masks—that this native drama stems from the Indians. O'Neill himself acknowledges his debt to Strindberg; Odets, consciously or not, writes in the shadow of Chekhov; and Sidney Howard's own work reveals plainly the effects of the French drama he was so adept in translating. In one period at least, Rice was obviously influenced by the post-war Germans, and Behrman derives his romantic comedies by way of the Shavian dialectic, plus the English tradition of high comedy.

These playwrights, along with Robert E. Sherwood, Maxwell Anderson, Philip Barry, George S. Kaufman, and George Kelly, have provided most of the material which Mr. Krutch subjects to a searching examination. He is as clear and penetrating in his method as he is thorough in assembling the facts. His discussion of the comedy values in Mr. Behrman's work is particularly felicitous as an example of the critic's lightly incisive analysis. His estimate of O'Neill is a superb blending of criticism and historical narrative, and his conclusion that O'Neill's finest play, "Mourning Becomes Electra," falls short of absolute greatness only because we live in an age whose foremost dramatist cannot rise above prose, is not likely to be challenged. His summary of Mr. Howard's work goes to the core when he says that "behind it may lie a point of view and a philosophy; but the personages and the situation come first. They are not invented to illustrate a thesis. The thesis, if any, is discovered by the audience—and sometimes, I suspect, by the author as well—after contemplating them."

There are naturally points on which playgoers will inevitably disagree. Though he does eloquent justice to a neglected playwright in his discussion of George Kelly, Mr. Krutch gives Lillian Hellman less than her due, largely, perhaps, because her facility in plot and the consequent overelaboration of incident twist her real meaning in the direction of sheer theatricalism. Her slickness as a craftsman doubtless distracts attention from her solider merits as a dramatist. I

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could wish that he had included in his discussion Sidney Howard's "Lucky Sam McCarver," which remains to my own way of thinking that playwright's best play. This is neither the time nor the place to continue the critical debate over the merits of "Winterset," which Mr. Krutch holds is the best work of what seems to be an overrated poetic talent. But when he says that some of the dissenters objected because "gangsters do not speak blank verse," it is fair, I think, for me to add that the objection, in my case at least, wasn't to blank verse as blank verse in gangster speech but merely to its quality as dramatic poetry and to its function in characterization and narrative. I do not think that gangsters, or any other of Mr. Anderson's characters, should speak, as they often do, out of mere infatuation with the sound of their own words.

But all this is arguable. The book's incontestable value lies in its vigor, its discrimination, and its stimulating judgment on two decades of important, if somehow tentative and miscellaneous, drama that may be truthfully identified after all these years as our own. JOHN ANDERSON

History of the Oppressed

THE AWAKENING OF AMERICA. By V. F. Calverton. The John Day Company. $3.75.

THE rights and privileges fought for and won by the radicals of one century become the reactionaries' defense against the demands of the radicals in a later century. Thus the defenders of the status quo today point to the blessings of free speech, religious liberty, and political democracy as sufficient reason for our resting content—"In what other country are the people so fortunate?" They seem unaware that their counterparts in a previous era were the ones who stood in the way of the peaceful attainment of those very blessings which are at present so highly praised. It is therefore well to remember that—

> Democracy in this country has been a gradual evolutionary process, a slow, accumulative development. What democracy we have was attained only through struggle. Those in power never grant rights and privileges to those who are not in power unless the latter struggle for them. American democracy today is a result of that struggle. Democracy is a dynamic and not a static concept. Today we have political democracy; tomorrow, it is to be hoped, we shall have industrial democracy. Whether we get it or not will be determined by the success of the struggle to extend political freedom to include economic freedom.

It is with the story of that struggle that V. F. Calverton is concerned in this volume, the first of a series on the social history of our country. He joins the small but growing number of scholars who are performing the important task of writing history from the point of view of the oppressed, not the oppressors. The usual run of historians has either purposely neglected the strugglers or bitterly denounced them as "agitators"; the new group looks with sympathy and understanding on their fight for justice for the common man. It is gratifying to record that Mr. Calverton, like some other historians of the people both here and abroad, is well equipped for his task: he has gone to sources, he documents his material, he knows how to write.

Here, then, is the record of the revolts of the ruled against the rulers in colonial America. Here are the familiar stories of Nathaniel Bacon's rebellion of the small man and of Nat Turner's insurrection of the black man in Virginia; here, too, are accounts of the less well-known revolts of Fendall in Maryland, Culpeper in the Carolinas, Leisler in New York, and of others, both white and black. Detailed attention is also given to some of the cooperative communist colonies set up by various religious groups.

Mr. Calverton's primary emphasis is social rather than economic; he devotes the greater part of his analysis to the manners, morals, ethics, philosophy, and religion of the colonists. He makes many detailed excursions into these fields —excursions which are usually important and entertaining, sometimes merely entertaining, and occasionally unimportant and dull.

His book will appear to many as muckraking. It must be that by its very nature. In the light of his new material, and his new interpretation of old material, the author shatters many established beliefs; in the process of building up new heroes he tears down old ones.

Unfortunately, in his eagerness to drive home a point against traditional interpretation he frequently repeats himself. On page 131 he informs us, "As was pointed out in the previous chapter, the Puritans were not the art-hating, culture-loathing people that most American historians and critics have contended." Why, then, must we be told the same thing again on page 133, and still again on page 138? I mention this only because Mr. Calverton gives ample evidence that he can write forcibly and well. There is no excuse, therefore, for this type of annoying repetition, or for his occasional lapses into sloppiness in conveying his meaning.

In his preface the author tells us that his approach is that of a Marxian, though not of an orthodox one: ". . . . with the qualifications indicated, this book can be called the first extended Marxian history of America." But on page 408 we find, "Frontiersmen, like everyone else, were interested primarily in the needs of their existence." To which is appended this amazing footnote:

> James Truslow Adams makes a point, and a very good one, to the effect that the American intellect has been profoundly conditioned by that fact. Without question, as has already been shown, the whole American outlook on life has been influenced by this singular factor in its development—*something completely unknown to Europe.*

The italics are mine. What kind of monkey business is this for a Marxian? LEO HUBERMAN

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MANNERS AND MORALS OF BUSINESS. By Max Radin. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

THE third chapter of Mr. Radin's book is titled Money. It says that in the New Hebrides strips of matting were once used for money. In "another island" the red feathers from the breast of the honey-eater bird have served as currency. The American Indians used wampum. Cowrie shells have been used in many parts of India and Africa, and rings and strings of shells have been widely circulated in Melanesia.

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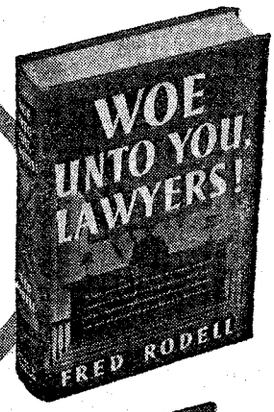

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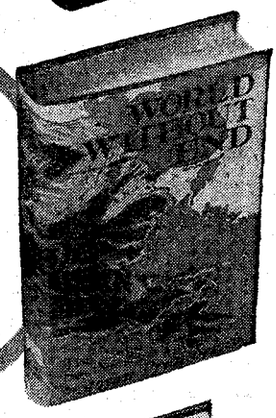

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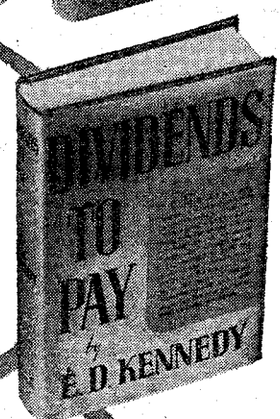

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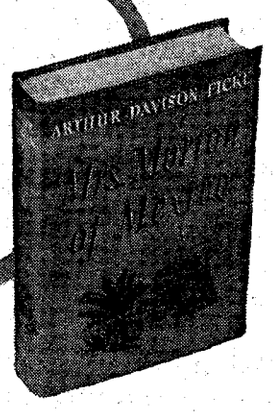

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The Solomon Islanders made ornaments as well as coinage out of small red discs.

Homeric brides were valued in cattle. "Iphidemas paid one hundred kine for his wife." "King Laertes gave twenty for Eurycleia, who might nurse a royal prince." The Roman word for money, *pecunia*, "means nothing more or less than 'cattle.'" Silver and gold coins were first found in Asia Minor about 700 B. C. Queen Elizabeth put "excessive alloy" in her coins. Nowadays exchanges of property "running into fabulous sums" are managed by "a mere calculation" in which "no money is passed at all." The chapter, which requires only ten pages, ends with the reflection that money has "strengthened human avarice more than human benevolence."

The other fifteen chapters in "Manners and Morals of Business" closely resemble the chapter on money. They consist largely of quotations, references, and allusions, usually to ancient, primitive, medieval, or colonial periods and hardly ever to modern or contemporary events. The basic argument is that business is a development of the acquisitive instinct and that nice people, before, during, and after the days of Plato and Aristotle, have not considered that peddlers and hucksters were gentlemen. The constant references to the remote past are loosely cemented by a series of commonplace generalities, such as: "It may be confidently stated that there will be no overwhelming change in the mental make-up of human beings within any period that the most foresighted of us can readily contemplate."

The book jacket identifies Mr. Radin as a professor of law at the University of California and as "a popular lecturer on social and political subjects, in addition to his avocation of writing." In this book some lectures, or notes for them, appear to have found their way into print. E. D. KENNEDY

Recent Fiction: Sandoz and Farrell

CAPITAL CITY. By Mari Sandoz. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

TOMMY GALLAGHER'S CRUSADE. By James T. Farrell. Vanguard Press. $1.

IN THE composite Middle Western state of Kanewa, invented by Mari Sandoz for her new novel, stands the city of Franklin, named for a certain eighteenth-century freethinker and signer of the Constitution, of whose radical notions the town's present best people are a little bit afraid and ashamed. Their grandfathers were plowmen and pioneers, hard-working, hard-handed, too new to the country themselves to have any notion that they "belonged" and others did not. The grandchildren, whose only callouses have come from sitting in the seats of the mighty, are a vapid lot, suffering from spiritual dry rot, living on the past, expending their feeble energies in absurd pageants and in lamentations over New Deal interference with business, while they take their real pleasures furtively and without joy. Reading "Capital City" is like moving into such a town: at first you see only the flashy surface, carefully furbished by the boosters, but after you have lived there long enough to cease being an outsider the older residents themselves begin to reveal the spongy, rusted spots one by one, with a hitching of the chair a little closer and a confidential "You mustn't ever let anyone know I told you, because Joe is one of my best friends, but have you ever heard how. . . ."

Miss Sandoz, author of "Slogum House" and "Old Jules," has always lived in Nebraska and knows her people, sees through their pitiful pretensions, finds in their blind lethargy a grave menace to democracy itself. The voters of Kanewa are easily bamboozled by the leather-lunged medicine man, Charlie Stetbettor, who wages a successful campaign for the governorship by lambasting imaginary reds and harmless aliens, and promising free-and-easy pensions. The Gold Shirts, recruited from misfits, ex-convicts, and perverts, intimidate honest but easygoing citizens; owners of the state's big trucking companies import armed thugs to crush a drivers' strike; civic clubs exert pressure to hamstring liberalism in the faculty of the state university. Only a few exceptions, like Hamm Rufe, rebellious scion of one of the dynastic families, or Abigail Allerton, an authoress who is boycotted and feted by turns as her book appears likely to present the town with unsavory truth or profitable publicity, wage a losing fight to uphold the ideals of the city's founders.

Considering what has already been done in this line by Sinclair Lewis, T. S. Stribling, and other novelists, "Capital City" has not quite the explosiveness that the publishers claim for it, but it is a substantial, sharp-visioned reinforcement to fiction's assault on fascist and near-fascist forces in America.

Also very well worth attention as protest fiction is James Farrell's "Tommy Gallagher's Crusade," a long short story about a Catholic family's black sheep, who vents his dissatisfaction by selling Father Moylan's *Christian Justice*, picketing a radio station that refuses to grant time to the Father, and beating up Jews. Despised by his own very decent and upright family for his refusal to work even when they find jobs for him, he continues to sponge on them while storing up venom in his soul for *der Tag*. Although the shortness of the piece precludes Mr. Farrell's usual meticulous thoroughness of character-exploring, Tommy Gallagher unfortunately may be recognized on a good many New York street corners these days and nights, hawking his wares midway between *Eq--l-ty* and the *D--ly W-rk-r*. LOUIS B. SALOMON

DRAMA

Our Other Town

IT seems impossible to begin a review of "Morning's at Seven" (Longacre Theater) without saying that it is a comedy of middle-class life in a small American community. Unfortunately, however, such a description inevitably suggests a very familiar genre, while the remarkable thing about this play is the fact that it manages somehow to remain singularly unexpected in incident and singularly original in tone. Paul Osborn, the author, is currently best known for his highly successful dramatization "On Borrowed Time," but the two plays resemble each other only in the same misleading way that "Morning's at Seven" resembles the more usual varieties of homespun comedy. To me, at least, "On Borrowed Time" was mechanical, unconvincing, and

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blatantly sentimental. "Morning's at Seven," on the other hand, is fresh, spontaneous, and so far from sentimental that any handling less deft than the author manages to give it would certainly have resulted in something both acrid and unpleasant.

Jo Mielziner's set representing two comfortably shabby frame houses of the carpenter-designed variety as they are seen from their common backyard is a masterpiece in itself and prepares one in a general way for what is to come. As the characters emerge they seem at first not unfamiliar types, and even the two intertwined stories—the story of the mamma's boy who at forty still hesitates to commit himself to matrimony and the story of his maiden aunt who knows that she is not wholly welcome in the only household where she could live—seem about to be developed in expected ways. But though the mood is never actually violated by anything sensationally incongruous and though the story never takes any startlingly unexpected turn, the whole manages somehow to hold the interest firmly and to seem everywhere both freshly observed and sincerely set down. The humor bubbles quietly but continuously up from some deeplying source. The pathos—never forced and never allowed even temporarily to mar the pervailing comic mood—is just sufficiently suggested to obviate any hint of condescension in the author's attitude toward his dramatis personae.

Some considerable part of the credit for the curiously original and yet consistently maintained mood of the whole is doubtless due to the quiet, restrained, and harmonious performance of an excellent company, including Jean Adair, Russell Collins, John Alexander (excellent as the dilatory suitor), and, perhaps best of all, Dorothy Gish, whose fine sense of comedy has seldom been better exhibited than in her playing of the role of the unwanted maiden aunt. But the text itself is remarkable for the way in which it establishes a mood which is neither that of nostalgic sentimentality nor that of the now almost equally conventional satire on small-town life. Mr. Osborn's characters would not fit into either Zona Gale's "Friendship Village" or Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg." Neither, for that matter, would they be exactly welcome in Thornton Wilder's particular town. They are by no means all sweetness and light; there are even one or two skeletons in one or two closets, though this is certainly no Spoon River boneyard. And if all this seems negative praise, that is only because it is so much easier to say what "Morning's at Seven" is not than it is to say what it is. It is humorous and essentially kindly; it is by no means sugary or merely quaint.

"Foreigners" (Belasco Theater) is quite as odd a production as one would naturally expect when Frederick Lonsdale turns from frivolous drawing-room comedies to consider the state of the world and diagnose its ills. For reasons which are never too convincingly explained, a vague English vessel is cruising in equally vague but remote seas with a passenger list which includes one specimen each of the English, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Irish, and American nationalities—plus a solitary Jew. Each, except the last, is extremely objectionable in ways assumed to be characteristic of his race, and when they are all wrecked on a desert island it is the Jew who, since he has managed to get hold of the only arms, rules them all until such time as they are rescued and the Jew himself decides to remain behind. There are numerous flashes of wit in the dialogue, but the chief lesson to be learned is probably only that the dramatic methods which work very well in farce comedy are sadly inadequate when put to more serious tasks. "Foreigners" is not funny enough to be a farce, and it is too flimsy to carry the weight of a portentous lesson.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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MUSIC

IN ONE of his finest essays, "Music at Night," Aldous Huxley writes of what a painting, by "the forms and their arrangement . . . the disposition of the lines and planes and masses," will say "to anyone in the least sensitive to the eloquence of pure form." But to someone not in the least sensitive to the eloquence of pure form the painting will say nothing. And such a person, if he lives on the democratic assumption of the complete adequacy of his normal equipment to any subject, is likely to conclude that if the meaning of the painting were only explained to him in the right terms he would understand it, or that there is something to know *about* the painting which, if he were told it, would give him him the perception he lacks, or that there is really nothing to perceive and those who claim perception are frauds. Faced by these attitudes one can try to remove them, or one can exploit them. One can, that is, try to explain to a reader that there is an "eloquence of pure form" to which one person may be sensitive and another not. Or one can entertain him, and let him think that when he is entertained he is understanding the painting (to be amused by biographical details is not to be sensitive to the eloquence of pure form); and one can, in this way, confirm his belief that what there is to be understood he is fully competent to understand and what he does not understand is not there to be understood.

This is the Simon and Schuster method with the arts and sciences, of which the latest example is "Men of Music" by Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock ($3.75). The publishers, true enough, offer it to the reader who has "an affection for, though not a technical knowledge of, music," which some readers, no doubt, will have; but there is no doubt also that it will be read by those whom it was planned

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to attract—readers who think that all they need to increase their slight enjoyment of music is a good dose of "knowledge." Such readers will be attracted to the book by the statement of Clifton Fadiman, breaking his rigorous silence on books about music to say that this one is "for those who know practically nothing of music but are willing to learn"; and by the publishers' statement that the book, which "treats music in the terms of the men who created it," "will prove immensely valuable to the millions of people who wish to know more about the music they hear each day."

Opening the book the reader encounters first Deems Taylor's introduction—a characteristic Taylor performance. Taylor once wrote of Walter Damrosch: "He never was a Karl Muck, and I don't believe he ever wanted to be one. He seems curiously impatient of ultra-subtle readings of the classics"—by which the difference between Damrosch and Muck was converted into the difference between healthy simplicity and ultra-subtlety, and Damrosch's inadequacy into a defect in Muck. That is the Taylor method, which he uses in the present introduction to convert the types of music that are not discussed in the book into matters that no healthy, normal music lover will bother with. And in this instance, when Taylor gets his readers to share his ignorance of the nature and significance and value of types of music other than European music of the past three centuries, he encourages the intolerance such readers are likely to feel toward these forms of music and toward people who are not ignorant, and he is therefore guilty of a species of cultural rabble-rousing.

After this introduction the reader comes to the book itself. The authors' intention in describing the lives that are to illuminate the music includes stripping away the romantic glamour and revealing the composers as human beings like the rest of us; their method includes jazzing up the material and tone; and while this sensationalizing and cheapening procedure can entertain readers with a taste for that kind of entertainment it cannot accomplish the proper end of biography. To write, as W. J. Turner does, that when Leopold II did not include Mozart in his retinue for the coronation in Frankfort, Mozart, "in view of his desperate financial plight and the possibility of having a large audience among the visitors to the coronation, pawned his silver plate and ornaments to pay his expenses," is to give a reader a notion of the circumstances of his life and period—the fact that his only hope of the money, the commissions, the post he needed so desperately was to present himself to such audiences—that made him decide he must go to Frankfort at any cost. To write, as Brockway and Weinstock do, that "Mozart's actions at this point were hysterical. Constanze was ailing and required expensive medical care, he himself had only just recovered from a serious illness, and his poverty was becoming unbearable. Yet he pawned the few valuables he had left and gallivanted off to Frankfort with the idea of giving concerts while the city was crowded with notables," is to give the reader a false conception of the circumstances, the action, and ultimately the man. Similarly, to write, as Turner does, that a sensitive and imaginative person can understand what the letters to Puchberg must have cost Mozart, is to convey to a reader a notion of what makes these letters so painful to read—the agony of a man of delicacy and pride who has to

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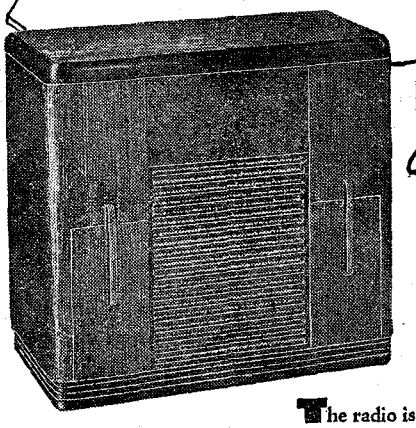

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.....

beg for help; to write, as Brockway and Weinstock do, that "he now began that series of begging letters to a fellow-Mason which is matched in the annals of music only by the more flagrant specimens from Wagner's pen," is to give a reader a false conception of the letters and so of the man. And countless details of this sort add up to the authors' inadequacy to their objective of illuminating the lives of the men they discuss.

This inadequacy appears also in their discussion of the music: it is understandable that men who miss what is in Mozart's letters should miss the poignancy of the E flat symphony and hear only "a gay, even impudent work, with but few notes of pensiveness." And with the same inadequacy there are the same deflationary intention and the same sensationalizing and cheapening method—which enables them to be airily impressive to their readers, but not to accomplish the proper end of criticism. Their reading of Tovey is evident in the unacknowledged borrowing of words, phrases, ideas—everything, in fact, but Tovey's understanding; as a result their discussion of Schubert's music is a lurid hashing up of all the notions that Tovey cites chapter and verse in the music to disprove; and from their statements about Schubert as a composer capable of the single lyrical inspiration for a song but unable to cope with the materials and problems of large forms—for example, "But alas! it was again on the rock of development that Schubert foundered. After proving conclusively that he could write page after page of great symphonic music, he seems to have unfocused his attention on the extremely difficult business on hand, and to have lapsed into . . . irrelevant garrulousness. Thus, the C major concludes on a maundering, inconsequential note . . ."—from such statements a reader will not get the understanding of Schubert as a powerful innovator in large forms that one gets from Tovey's monumental demonstration, the understanding even of Schubert's weaknesses that Tovey expresses in the statement that they are relaxations of his powers—to say nothing of Tovey's observations that the first movement of the C major symphony has "more than Schubert's usual concentration," that "the development is conspicuously free from redundancy or digression," and that the conclusion of the work "is one of the greatest in all symphonic music."

And finally the book offers material of which a fair sample is the statement that in his piano trios the piano helped Schubert "successfully to overcome miscalculations in design and instrumentation that often baffled him when composing for strings alone." This statement, properly made, sums up detailed knowledge of the works for strings alone and detailed observation of their miscalculations in design; and it can be genuinely understood only by a person who has this detailed knowledge and observation or is willing and able to acquire it. The reader of "Men of Music" is therefore not likely to understand the statement, but this will not keep him from repeating it; and there we have a major purpose of the book. It is, says Mr. Fadiman, "for those who may have heard a good deal of music but are not even quite sure they know what they like"; and it makes it possible for such persons to talk knowingly about Schubert's miscalculations in design without being able to know one if they heard it.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Camps for Refugees—a Disgrace to France

Dear Sirs: Since my arrival in New York two weeks ago I have been reading the New York *Times* and a few other papers every day. After living in Austria, where the press was rigidly controlled by an authoritarian government even in the years before the annexation, and coming now fresh from France, where an all-too-powerful censorship restricts the dissemination of news and ideas, I am extremely impressed by the fulness and excellence of the European news in American newspapers.

I was therefore particularly surprised to find that none of these papers have so far reported any of the fundamental changes which the war has brought about in the condition of the many thousands of German and Austrian refugees living in France. Furthermore, an article by Lansing Warren in the New York *Times* of November 26 by what it conceals rather than by what it reveals gives the reader an entirely false picture.

I spent six weeks in three different French concentration camps for Germans and Austrians. I had left Austria as a political refugee immediately after the annexation and had lived in Paris since May, 1938. During my entire stay in Paris I was secretary of the largest Austrian organization of political refugees in France—former members of the Social Democratic Party. As such I was in constant contact with the French authorities and private French organizations dealing with the refugees. There were scores of others, like me, in intimate contact with the French authorities, well known to them through years of collaboration, and still others known to them as anti-Nazi writers, journalists, or artists. Nevertheless, we were all interned at the outbreak of the war. This in itself would have been no reason for us to complain—and nothing to be concealed from the American public. What was therefore Lansing Warren's reason for falsifying the picture by saying that "all Nazi residents [a few hundred] have been interned," and as regards the refugees for remarking only that they are "under investigation"? They are under investigation, it is true, but they are also *all* in concentration camps. Why does he not mention that fact? Why does he say, "A good many anti-Nazis found themselves interned at the outbreak of the war," instead of saying that with the exception of a very few individuals all anti-Nazis were interned? And why does he not say that those anti-Nazis (16,000) who found themselves interned at the outbreak of the war find themselves, with the exception of a few dozen, still in concentration camps?

The fact is that all German and Austrian men without discrimination—Nazis and anti-Nazis, Jewish refugees, Socialists, Communists, Catholics, liberals, business men, spies, and others—were and still are interned. The last I heard was that there is at present no hope that they will be released, in spite of the fact that a great many of them had even before the outbreak of the war voluntarily offered to do military service for France. One must remember that 80 per cent of these men are Jews driven out of Germany and Austria by the Nazis.

A full description of my personal experiences in the largest of these camps might sound like propaganda against France; so I shall limit myself to a few illustrative remarks. We spent two weeks in an open-air football stadium, sleeping on stone seats and narrow wooden benches. We had no warm food during this time. Every single one of the twenty-eight lunches and suppers consisted of bread and liver-paste, nothing more. At the end of two weeks we were removed from Paris to an open field in a department some distance away. It took a week to house us all in flimsy tents. Some of my friends were still sleeping in the open air in the cold, wet October nights. Those of us who were lucky enough to be in tents had a sleeping and living space six feet long and fourteen inches broad on the wooden floor, covered with a little straw. On rainy days we could not leave the tents, and some had to stand while the others sat or lay. For three weeks each man in this group had only one pint of water daily to drink and use for washing himself and his dishes.

In this one camp were to be found, along with a few Nazis, more than fifteen hundred Austrian and German Jews. Living under the same conditions, and with no discrimination in treatment, were the doorman of the Brown House in Paris and Konrad Heiden, author of the best-known Hitler biography, who through his writings has earned the lasting hate of the Nazis and the admiration of their enemies. I do not know whether any Nazi spies were interned; probably the real spies found ways and means to escape this. But I had the pleasure of meeting in this camp the German Catholic writer Edgar Alexander, whose "Mythos of Hitler" is the best Catholic criticism of the Third Reich, and Norbert Mühlen, who in his remarkable biography of Hjalmar Schacht unmasked the amazing practices of the Nazis in getting rid of their debts. With the exception of Konrad Heiden, who was released after six weeks, these men are still in the concentration camp, with dozens of others who are well known in Europe as vigorous anti-Nazis and the masses of unknown victims of Nazi persecution.

Conditions vary in the individual camps, and there have been some improvements with the passing weeks. But the coming of winter will cause new hardships. One of the worst things is the pressure that has been brought to bear upon the men to join the Foreign Legion. To give an example: among the few lucky ones who were released after some weeks was Karl Hubeny, perhaps the most zealous and experienced underpowerful organization in the Socialist Youth Movement, who has for years been the representative of this once powerful organization in the Socialist Youth International. One week after he left camp he was arrested and forced to sign a declaration that he would join the Foreign Legion within a week or return to concentration camp. I am still waiting for news from my friends as to whether or not their attempts to intervene for him have been successful.

I think this account is enough to prove that the picture drawn in reports such as Lansing Warren's, and one by Edgar Mowrer in the New York *World-Telegram* of November 6, is not in keeping with the facts. I know from personal intercourse with some American correspondents in Paris how deeply they are concerned with the lot of these refugees, and how they are trying to help them. I cannot understand their strange silence about a matter of such general interest. The reason might be their fear of supplying material for German propaganda

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against France. If this is their concern, my answer is that the facts themselves are doing much more harm to France than could be caused by their publication in America. Apart from the right of the American public to know the truth, such a step might help those among the French who are conscious of existing conditions to bring about a change. It is still possible to solve the problem just as it has been successfully solved in England. GUSTAV RICHTER

New York, December 8

The Worst Outrage of All

Dear Sirs: In a sense, the brutal attack of Soviet Russia on Finland is no worse than other similar attacks of powerful nations on weak neighbors. But in so far as it is a socialistic rather than an imperialistic attack, it is the most damnable of all the outrages on weaker nations in recent years. Most damnable because it is a betrayal of a cause which the Soviet Union professed to uphold, and because its profession led millions outside Russia to look to the Soviet government as the only dependable bulwark against fascist imperialism.

It was hopeful thinking that led many to condone in Russia what they elsewhere condemned—the violation of all human liberties, the ruthless extermination of lives. Without hope, no better world is possible. But hope is no substitute for clarity. And it is in clear thinking, not hopeful thinking, that thought can make its distinctive contribution. FRANK D. SLOCUM

New York, December 5

Schiller in Moscow

Dear Sirs: S. G. Morley lightly reproved me in your issue of December 2 because I failed to recognize the quotation from Schiller, "*Nacht muss es sein—wo Friedlands Sterne scheinen.*" He is quite right. It is sad and also significant that neither I nor any of the critics in the Berlin press who commented on the cabaret skit remembered that bit from our school classics.

Schiller, as Mr. Morley knows, is under a cloud if not under a ban in Germany, but curiously enough he seems to be experiencing a come-back in Russia, Germany's new ally. The Central Library for foreign literature in Moscow announced a month ago that it would celebrate in November Schiller's 180th birthday. It also announced a series of lectures on Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and Gerhardt Hauptmann. (Mark the Russians' sense of humor in choosing as literary representatives four classics none too popular with the Nazis!)

I am sure S. G. Morley will now ponder the question whether the Moscow Institute will let Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" come up for discussion. TONI CHRISTEN

New York, December 6

Polysyllabic Illiteracy

Dear Sirs: Twenty years ago I switched from the *New Republic* to *The Nation* on account of the difficult style affected by some of the former's editorial staff. No use trying to make it out without the liberal use of the unabridged dictionary. Now I find the same error creeping into *The Nation.* Is there really any need to employ words like "intransigence" and others not in regular use by persons not raised in a strict literary atmosphere? Can the meaning of a writer be given only by polysyllabic words? Is not their use, where unnecessary, a sign of a particular kind of illiteracy, a want of command of the language? Did Lincoln, one of the world's best writers, need to say it in long words? H. J. TANNER

San Francisco, December 9

Children in China

Dear Sirs: Of the abominations of war none is more detestable than the suffering inflicted on children, and not within memory have so many children been overwhelmed with misery and disaster as in China today.

In their efforts to rescue their children, the Chinese have been magnificent. They are today planning reconstruction with great farsightedness and efficiency. For $20 a year food, clothing, shelter, and training are provided for one child.

One dollar's contribution counts, and larger sums are effective out of all proportion. All contributions can be remitted to China without deduction.

ARTHUR UPHAM POPE,
Chairman, American Committee
for Chinese War Orphans

New York, December 4

CONTRIBUTORS

ALAN MATHER, in collaboration with Professor Talbot Hamlin, prepared a traveling exhibit on "Architecture and the Construction of Cities in the U. S. S. R.," under the auspices of the American Russian Institute.

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ, author of "Land Without Moses," has made a close study of the racial and economic problems of the Southwest.

H. RUTLEDGE SOUTHWORTH has been engaged in an investigation of the press treatment of the Spanish war.

ANTON KUH, well known in Austria as writer and lecturer, is now in the United States.

KLAUS MANN is coauthor with his sister, Erika Mann, of "Escape to Life."

JOHN ANDERSON, dramatic critic of the *Journal-American,* is the author of "The American Theater."

LEO HUBERMAN is the author of "We, the People, an American History" and "Man's Worldly Goods."

E. D. KENNEDY has recently published a book on monopoly capitalism entitled "Dividends to Pay."

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